State Library Jun 3 06

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1906. | NO. 11

ITALIANS IN DAYLIGHT ROBBERY.

A Gang of Bandits Commit a Bold Crime Near Coryville Yesterday.

SIX HEAVILY ARMED ITALIANS

Hold Up Three of Their Countrymen in the Woods and Secure $210 One of them Captured.

Word reached Smethport last night of a daring hold-up and robbery which occurred in the woods of Moody Hollow, about three miles from Coryville. Attorney V. B. Bouton acting for the victims made the information before Justice B. G. Knapp, which resulted in a warrant being issued for the arrest of six Italians whose names are unknown.

As near as can be learned three Italians were working in the forest yesterday cutting chemical wood. They were some distance apart and also quite a distance from their camp. Suddenly six heavily armed Italians made their appearance and demanded that the workmen hand over their money, threatening them with death if they refused. From two of the wood-cutters the robbers secured $205, as it is the general custom of these people to carry all their valuables upon their persons. The third victim was more fortunate and the assailant from him was only $5. He was also game, and after the robbers had finished with him he ran to the camp and secured a revolver. Returning to the scene he was just in time to see the last one of the robbers running away and shouted for him to stop. He continued running until a shot from the pursuer's revolver clipped a piece out of his ear when he came to a standstill. He was taken to Coryville and placed under guard awaiting the arrival of an officer. Constable E. W. Jones departed for the scene this morning.

The wood-cutters say that all the bandits were armed with revolvers and knives and it is their opinion that they are a regularly organized gang of outlaws.

On Tuesday it is alleged this same band visited the camp of their victims and said they were collecting money for an Italian who was sick. The workmen offered to contribute $1 each but the visitors said they wanted at least $5 from each, which was refused them and they took their departure. This method of collecting money gives color to the suspicion that some of the robbers may have been implicated in the murder of Dominick Skopold, which occurred near Hutchins, Jan. 21. It will be remembered that Italians proposed this same collecting scheme a few minutes before the killing occurred.

If matters have reached the stage where organized bands of outlaws prowl through the woods of this section of the country it will not be long before the State constabulary will find something to do in McKean county.

New Industry for Smethport.

The Backus Novelty Company, composed of J. C. Backus, Robert W. Hilton and J. M. Hilton, have leased the building next door to the Democrat office on Water street from Elisha K. Kane and expect soon to equip it with machinery for the manufacture of the Backus hat, coat and umbrella hooks.

Some of the machinery has already been purchased and Mr. Backus expects to leave for Philadelphia Monday to oversee the manufacture of dies which will be used in the new plant.

The company is incorporated for the manufacture of novelties, and while only those mentioned will be handled at the start, it is the intention of the company to keep on the lookout for saleable novelties and continue to increase the capacity of the plant. Mr. Backus informs the MINER that he has another checking device other than those mentioned nearly ready for the market.

The concern intends to employ six or eight helpers at the start with chances good for the gradual increase of that number to forty or fifty hands.

A Valuable Present.

Early this week a transaction was closed whereby S. W. Hubbard of Newton became possessor of the King street dwelling house and property, formerly the home of Judge J. W. Bouton and family. The MINER is informed that James McKean purchased the property from Judge Bouton for $4,000, and presented the deed for the same to his stepson, Mr. Hubbard. The house is occupied at present by Commissioners Clerk A. B. Walker and family. It is understood that Mr. Hubbard expects to be able to move his family to the new home some time next week. The MINER extends them a cordial welcome.

Don't fail to see the new weaves in Jamestown goods. Lindholms.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

V. H. Brandt Dies Suddenly.

Victor Henry Brandt died suddenly at his home on King street in this borough about one o'clock yesterday afternoon, the cause of his death being heart disease. He was aged about 67 years. His last illness was of only one day's duration, but he has not been in good health for the past three or four years.

The subject of this sketch was born in Germany where he grew to manhood. He served five years in the German regular army and when about 30 years of age came to New York where he entered in business which proved an unsuccessful venture. About 30 years ago he came to Smethport and his first work was on the oil wells known as the Haskell wells in which his brothers were interested. He was an honored member of the P. H. C. About 22 years ago he was married to Mrs. Mary Stewart and he has made his home in Smethport ever since with the exception of a couple of years when he was interested in bridge building for Samuel Palmer. He is survived by his wife, one step daughter, two brothers, Albert and John, and one sister, all of New York City.

Ever since childhood the writer has known Henry Brandt and he was a man whom anyone might feel proud to call a friend. He was the soul of honor in all his dealings. He was kind and generous and it was his greatest pleasure to make his friends happy. There was no service too great for him to perform if asked in the name of friendship and it was always done with the cheerfulness that comes from a good heart. No doubt he had his faults (we all have them) but he always did his best and the world is better for the life he has lived.

The funeral will be held from the house at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Harris officiating, and his remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Death of Matthew Edwards.

Matthew Edwards, an estimable resident of Coryville, died in Bolivar, N. Y., Saturday after a few days illness of pneumonia. Mr. Edwards was visiting relatives in that town when stricken with the malady which proved fatal.

Mr. Edwards was 47 years of age and was an industrious farmer. During the years he had lived in the vicinity of Coryville he established an enviable reputation for kindness, honesty and manliness. He was a man who is a credit to any community and of that kind whose loss seems a public calamity. To the bereaved widow the sympathy and condolence of hundreds of friends is extended, as well as to other relatives upon whom this sad blow must fall.

For the past eight years Mr. Edwards has served as assessor of Keating township, being re-elected from term to term. He has held other offices of public trust within the gift of his fellow men, and the preference shown during many years that he should occupy these places is a convincing testimonial of the high esteem he enjoyed in the community where he made his home.

Mr. Edwards was a member of the Modern Woodmen of America and the funeral services which were held at Coryville Monday were under their auspices. The remains were brought to Smethport under the escort of a delegation of Woodmen and laid to their final rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Triple Hanging Likely.

After being out 17 hours, the jury today returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against Frank Gerardi, Petero and Antonio Fucci, who were charged with killing Raphael Farenio, an Italian contractor, three weeks ago. Farenio was shot while being pursued through the streets of Tionn by four Italians. A verdict of "not guilty" was returned as to Antonio Pulli, a lad of 15 years, alleged to have been with the men convicted. A motion for a new trial was made by Attorney O. C. Allen, one of the defendant's counsel, which will be heard on March 26. If a new trial is refused and the sentence is carried out, Warren county will have its first execution with a triple hanging.

Shooting Accident Near Eldred.

William Faulkner and William Dunigan, the ten-year-old son of Jerry Dunigan, were hunting in the vicinity of the Windfall, near Eldred, says Tuesday's Bradford Star. Faulkner's rifle was discharged and the ball entered Dunigan's right breast, penetrating the lung. He was carried to the nearest roadway by his companion and another boy and a milkman named Smith took him to Olean in his wagon. Dr. John Loughlen attended him. The boy had a slight hemorrhage, but it is thought he will recover. The accident happened while Dunigan was walking behind Faulkner, who had the gun over his shoulder.

For Sale.

"Spring Hill Farm Jerseys" bull calves for sale from 6 to 18 months old. For pedigree and price inquire of E. G. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at this office.

A Princess Coat for Spring at Lindholm's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last issue.)

He finally got up and remained here until about the first of September when he returned to Washington to resume his work on the Commercial. His strength never came back to him, however, and on the 6th instant he suffered another hemorrhage. He lived along until the 17th when he succumbed to that fatal disease, consumption.

H. V. Redfield was born in Eden, Erie county, N. Y., December 23, 1845. His father died when he was four years old, and his mother, though a confirmed invalid, still survives him. At an early age young Redfield was taken to Tennessee to live, and was apprenticed to learn the printing business in the Winchester Home Journal. He had not finished his trade when the war broke out, and the Federals occupied Winchester. He afterwards returned north and in about 1863 came to Smethport where he commenced setting type in the MINER office. He remained in the office until 1865 when he became associated with Hon. L. Rogers as one of the publishers of this paper. In the following year, we think, he returned to Jasper, Tennessee, where his mother lived, studied law and was admitted to practice. From Jasper his first letter was sent to the Commercial, a voluntary contribution. In speaking of it Mr. Halstead says: "It was simple, direct, transparently truthful, embodied all the points of information and bore the signature 'Avery.' We wrote him at once saying that further communication would be acceptable. When some time afterward Mr. Redfield was regularly employed on the Commercial, and we made his personal acquaintance, we were surprised to learn that he was not twenty years of age.

"We esteem him very highly. He was of irreproachable character. His great qualifications as a newspaper correspondent was his absolute truthfulness. We long knew and the public knew well at last, that Redfield always told the truth. We could only rely upon him without qualification. He would not color a state of facts to please his employers or to help a party. In all the relations of life, he was honorable and amiable, and he has not, we think, an enemy in the world. He died young but leaves a bright name that will stand as a synonym for candor and courage and the steadfast, scrupulous discharge of responsible and laborious duties."

Soon after Mr. Redfield became permanently employed by the Commercial he was commissioned as a special correspondent and sent through the South, and there and upon Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific railroad job his most conspicuous newspaper work was done. His letters from these points were widely copied in the leading papers of the country. His reputation as a correspondent has long been national, and his letters carried with them great weight, for as Murat Halstead says, "Redfield always told the truth."

In the year 1873 Mr. Redfield was married to Nettie, daughter of Hon. Byron D. Hamlin of Smethport, who, with three children, survive him. The remains were removed from Washington Friday night and were accompanied by the stricken wife and her parents. The body was enclosed in a neat rosewood casket upon which was a plate bearing the following inscription:

"Horace Victor Redfield; died November 17, 1881: aged thirty-six years."

At a meeting of the newspaper correspondents of Washington a series of resolutions were read, adopted and ordered sent to the family of the deceased. The newspaper men also purchased an elegant wreath, which was forwarded to Smethport by express. The remains were interred at Smethport on Sunday, with befitting ceremonies.

A Coming Event.

Rehearsals were started Monday evening for the presentation of the comic opera, "The Little Tycoon," which will be essayed by Smethport amateurs under the direction of Mrs. H. C. Wells. It is the intention to present the opera some time in April and members of the cast and chorus are hard at work on their parts.

This will be one of the most elaborate productions ever attempted by Smethport talent and from present indications will be a great success.

Smethport is fortunate in the number of its amateur vocalists, actresses and actors and the pick of the town will be used in "The Little Tycoon."

It is understood that the proceeds of the entertainment will be donated to the Smethport Lyceum; also that the company may visit St. Marys after the production of the opera in Smethport.

Notice.

Nice upland pasture, pure spring water. Inquire of Eugene Glavin, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Holmes & Gilfillan carry a complete stock of Edison phonographs and gold moulded records.

A perfect fit, "Royal Worcester Corsets," at Lindholms.

State Constabulary in Action.

Tony Mazzo was killed and Tony Pazar and Frank Cadello were badly wounded in a drunken riot among foreign miners at Walston, Pa., Sunday night. A call was sent to Capt. Robinson's constabulary and order was restored very promptly.

The DuBois Express says: The members of the troop were divided into squads and at 2 o'clock had arrested six of the men. The two wounded men were captured Monday morning. They had been taken in by friends and hidden away.

The fact that the Italians had not much use for a dead man was shown by the treatment accorded Mazzo. He was left lying on the porch where he met death, until late Monday morning, and was taken in by members of the constabulary.

The effectiveness of the constabulary is shown by the prompt manner in which they answered the call for assistance and got to the scene of the rioting in record time against the most adverse circumstances. The Italians were frightened out of their wits when the soldiers appeared and it is seen that their establishment in a community will have a most powerful effect on the lawless characters. It was the first call that Troop D has had since its establishment and the prompt manner in which they reached the scene of the trouble speaks very highly of the discipline maintained by Capt. Robinson and his corps of officers.

An Irish Singer.

Since the days of Dion Boucicault, who first introduced the refined, wholesouled singing Irish character on the American stage, up to the present time there has always been a demand for the Hibernian comedy drama. Many singers have earned fame and fortune in this style of entertainment, among whom the most loved and famous was William J. Scanlon, whose songs have been whistled and sung in almost every American home. The youngest exponent of this elevating type of Irish character is Wm. Francis Burke, whose work resembles that of the lamented Scanlon. He possesses a luscious brogue, a sweet singing voice of marvellous range and quality, and gives a clean interpretation of the rollicking Irish peasant, also introducing many charming little ballads written by himself.

Little Geraldine McCann, of whom so much has been written and said in praise of her marvellous ability, is co-star with Mr. Burke. She is styled the "Little Magnet," and is the peer of all child actresses. Manager McCann has surrounded these young people with a company selected from the best stocks in this country, and feels confident that he has organized in the Burke-McCann Company one of the very best popular priced attractions on the road. They begin a three nights' engagement at the Lyceum Monday night in an elaborate scenic production of the newest Irish drama, "Mr Kearney from Killarney."

The President Snubbed?

Very plain intimations are made by the anthracite operators that the intervention by third parties in the settlement to be had in the coal situation, will be most unwelcome and that they and the miners should be permitted to work out the labor problem now confronting them without any outside influences. The operators in making these expressions, refer to the indicated intervention of the President, when the time arrives and it is evident that the miners will lay down their tools on April 1.

The operators state that they submitted to intervention three years ago and abided by the award of the strike commission with the hope that it would establish relations that would be continued for a much longer period. Since the miners are not apparently willing to continue under the commission's award, the operators state that intervention would be purposeless, as it cannot afford to offer a more effective mode of settlement than that of three years ago. The operators are willing to continue under the commission's award for another term of three years.

Some Practical Jokes Are Cruel.

The habit of practical joking has caused and will continue to cause a great deal of trouble. Even the most innocent of that class of jokes is rarely very pleasant to the victim, while many of them cause far more disturbance than is intended. The case in point is where a story was started a short time ago for the sole purpose of joking a man whose character is above suspicion, but the joker did not take into consideration the fact that he was also compromising an innocent young lady and thus causing her the most suffering. Many people are entirely too thoughtless of the results of their would-be jokes and therefore do their friends great injury, unintentionally. One cannot be too cautious in such matters.

Have you ever used a Universal Bread Mixer? If not you had better get one on trial from Holmes & Gilfillan.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

THOS O'TOOLE ON TRIAL AT NEW CASTLE

Man Who Killed Roy Barbor on Dec. 13, 1905, Pleads "Not Guilty."

MEAGRE DETAILS OF PROCEEDINGS

Owing to Delayed Arrival of News From New Castle—O'Toole in Jail-Breaking Conspiracy.

Thos. O'Toole, who shot and almost instantly killed Roy Barbor early in the morning of Dec 13, 1905, is on trial for his life in New Castle this week.

The case is interesting to Smethport people because of the fact that Roy Barbor was a resident of this town for several years. He was a young man of exemplary habits and made many friends in town. A number of relatives of the young man reside in Smethport. O'Toole, who is also known in Smethport, was Mr. Barbor's brother-in-law, and the trouble which led up to the killing was caused by Mr. O'Toole leaving her husband on account of his bad habits and Roy's refusal to tell her whereabouts. O'Toole called at his brother-in-law's boarding house at 2 o'clock in the morning and demanded to know where his wife was living. Mr. Barbor refused to tell him. Then it is alleged O'Toole drew a revolver and shot his victim in the back as he turned away. After Roy fell to the floor he fired three more shots into the body. Death was caused almost instantly. O'Toole escaped and was not captured until January 24, when information was furnished the authorities which resulted in his arrest in Chicago.

Monday's New Castle News says: Attorneys B. A. Whitesitz and John Marron of Pittsburg, will make an effort to have the trial of Thomas O'Toole charged with the murder of Roy Barbor continued. A motion to that effect will be presented this afternoon. It is the contention of the attorneys that circumstances connected with the alleged attempt Saturday evening, of several of the prisoners to escape from the jail are sufficient to justify the continuance. That will be the basis of one of the last and best efforts for a continuance, but will not be urged unless the court refuses their first motion which was offered this afternoon when it was found that John Ritterour of Volant, a member of the venire, was not present. He had been summoned as had all the others, and he was the only person who failed to respond. When O'Toole was brought into the court room Monday afternoon he was without handcuffs. He walked composedly alongside of Sheriff Ayers and calmly surveyed the crowd assembled in the court room.

The last information received by the MINER is to the effect that the motion was refused. O'Toole was placed on trial after pleading "not guilty," and the work of drawing a jury started.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

According to reports it is believed that Thos. O'Toole was among a number of prisoners who had planned to escape from jail by overpowering the sheriff and taking his keys from him last Saturday night. The sheriff was warned by a short term prisoner that an attempt was going to be made to get away by a number of the inmates and when the sheriff visited them Saturday evening he had officers within easy call and was prepared for trouble. However, nothing occurred, and it is not known positively whether or not an escape was meditated. In regard to this matter the News says:

"Because Vern Rhyal and Thomas O'Toole have been locked in their cells by Sheriff Ayers, who suspected them with trying to break jail, the two prisoners, in order to show their displeasure at such treatment have started to break up housekeeping, as far as it is in their power to do so. When the sheriff gave them their meals Monday they would throw the dishes onto the hard cement floor, breaking them into a thousand pieces. The sheriff has promised them bread and water until they learn how to behave."

Settled for $8,000.

The long drawn out litigation between the Sharon Gas Company and the Palmer Window Glass Works of Shingle House has been ended by the gas company agreeing to pay the Palmers $8,000 and costs. In order to get the Palmer glass works located at Shingle House a gas contract was made at a low price, so low that the gas could not be furnished except at a loss. The result was that the contract was broken and Palmer drilled a number of wells to supply the factory. Suit was brought for damages from the broken contract. — Bolivar Breeze.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

"A Dutchess Skirt," the proper style. Where? At Lindholm's.

A Vindication for Dr. Pierce.

A verdict for $16,000 has been rendered in favor of the plaintiff in the libel suit brought against the Ladies' Home Journal (published by the Curtis Publishing Co.) by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is President. The suit was brought by Dr. Pierce against the Curtis Publishing Co., for making false statements about one of his standard family medicines known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In the May number of the Ladies' Home Journal (1904), Mr. Edward Bok, the editor, stated that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contained alcohol and some other harmful ingredients, and Dr. Pierce had in the action alleged that the defendant maliciously published this article containing such false and defamatory matter. Dr. Pierce further claimed that no alcohol is or ever was contained in his "Favorite Prescription," that said medicine was a vegetable preparation and contained no deleterious ingredients whatever; that Mr. Bok's statement, pretending to give some of the ingredients of said medicine, was wholly and absolutely false. During the trial, the Vice President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association stated, that the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription were extracted from the following native roots: Golden Seal, Blue Cohosh, Lady's Slipper, Black Cohosh and Unicorn, by means of pure glycerine. He was asked how he knew, as a physician and experienced medical man, that the "Favorite Prescription" was a cure for the diseases peculiar to women, such as anteflexion, dysmenorrhea, ante-version, retroversion, and he stated that he knew such was the fact because of his professional experience and the many thousands of women whose ills had been cured by this "Prescription." The Vice President, being asked to give his authorities, read from the standard works, such as the United States Dispensatory, The American Dispensatory and many other standard medical books.

The retraction printed by the Curtis Publishing Company two months after the libelous statement appeared and nearly two months after the suit had been begun stated definitely that analysis had been made at their request and that the "Favorite Prescription" did not contain either alcohol, opium or digitalis.

Humane Officer Arrested.

Miss Mina Brown and George Willis caused the arrest of Humane Officer Driscoll of Bradford, one day last week, because they allege that his manner of putting certain animals to death was cruel. They were the defendants in a cruelty to animals case which was given a hearing before Alderman Clark of Bradford Monday. Both the defendants are residents of Howards, and the animals alleged to have been abused were those killed by Humane Officer Driscoll. Miss Brown was fined $12 and costs and Mr. Willis $15 and costs. Their case against the humane official will be tried at Smethport next June.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 10, 1906:

W. W. Bell, Mrs. Lizzie Edmundson, Aprogio Faglinggi, Mrs. Lillie Joyner.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Notice to Stone Masons.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of McKean County will let to the lowest responsible bidder the contract for the construction of the abutments for an Iron Bridge, to be erected over Bells Run Creek, in Ceres Township, at the place where the Oswayo Valley road crosses said Creek, on or about April 3rd, 1906, at the Commissioners' office in Smethport, Pa. All bids must be filed with the Commissioners on or before noon of said day, and must be accompanied with a bond in the sum of $2000.00, to be approved by the Commissioners, the right to reject any and all bids reserved.

Geo. Griffiths,
John A. Peterson,
John P. Deyhle,
County Commissioners.

Attest: A. B. Walker, Clerk.

Very Low One Way Settlers' Rates to Minnesota and the Dakotas via the Nickel Plate Road from Buffalo to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba, every Tuesday until April 24th. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

For Sale,

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 66 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

WANTED—An elderly lady to keep house for old gentleman, work very easy, a good home for the right person. Address Lock Box 63, Smethport, Pa.

Don't buy a gas range until you have seen the Jewel line at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Fine Carpets—direct from the mill, The Lindholm Co., Agents.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"Unto One of the Least of These"

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

Van Ruyven followed the butler up the wide stairs, inwardly amused at his own trepidation. It was most absurd, he told himself, for a man to feel as he did under these circumstances. There were certainly no logical grounds for his vague fears. Still there was the haunting possibility that the bishop might raise objections. Remote the possibility was, to be sure, but none the less potent. Van Ruyven remembered the time there had been a case pending against him in the courts. It was a silly case, trumped up by an ambulance chaser. His lawyer had told him from the first it was nothing to worry about. And yet he had been more or less disturbed until the jury had brought in its verdict in his favor. His position now as he mounted the stairs in the wake of the solemn butler seemed analogous.

At the head of the stairs the butler drew aside the leather portiere, and Van Ruyven entered the big, dim study. A fire crackled cheerfully upon the hearth and sent flickering shadows dancing up and down the rows upon rows of books. Near by a green shaded lamp threw a soft light upon a table littered with books and papers.

As Van Ruyven crossed the threshold a fine figure of a man rose from his seat by the table and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Arthur, I'm glad to see you," said the bishop, with a smile that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his words. "Sit down here by the fire and give an account of yourself. I count myself in luck that you take the trouble to come up here to see me when Edith is in the house."

He drew two comfortable chairs before the fire and motioned Van Ruyven to one of them.

"Now, then, what sort of absolution do you want this time?" the bishop went on lightly, "or perhaps you came up here because you know I'd let you smoke."

Van Ruyven smiled. "Thanks, I will smoke if you don't mind," he said, drawing out his cigar case. He selected a cigar with as much care as if the fate of an empire hung upon his choice, clipped the end and slowly lighted it. His smoke fell instantly for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

"The fact is," Van Ruyven began, "I have come to you tonight with a very delicate mission."

"Ah, I see." The bishop's words were formal, noncommittal, but his clean shaven, kindly face lighted up with a smile of understanding, and there was a hint of mischief in the gray eyes. Van Ruyven was looking into the fire again. He puffed nervously at the cigar.

"And this delicate mission?" the bishop suggested mildly.

"I came, sir," said Van Ruyven, speaking very slowly, "to ask you if you would have any objections to me as—as Edith's husband—that is," he amended quickly, "if Edith herself has no objections. You see, I haven't ascertained that as yet."

The bishop straightened himself in his chair. With his broad shoulders and his iron gray hair he was a decidedly imposing man. Just now he regarded his guest with an odd expression, half of affection, half of amusement.

"So you came to me first," he said quietly. "Rather a rare procedure in these degenerate days. You show a delicate deference, sir, to certain ideas that I inherit from my ancestry on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. I think I shall have to index you as a master tactician," he ended playfully.

"Then you have no objections in the matter?" asked Van Ruyven.

"Bless my soul, no," laughed the bishop, "and if I read Edith rightly she has none either."

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded the younger man intently. His face became suddenly grave.

"There is something about Edith, however, that I must confide to you," he said, "something that no one alive knows save myself. Under the circumstances I think you should know it too. I shall tell you." He stopped for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

"The fact is," Van Ruyven began, "I have come to you tonight with a very delicate mission."

"Ah, I see." The bishop's words were formal, noncommittal, but his clean shaven, kindly face lighted up with a smile of understanding, and there was a hint of mischief in the gray eyes. Van Ruyven was looking into the fire again. He puffed nervously at the cigar.

"And this delicate mission?" the bishop suggested mildly.

"I came, sir," said Van Ruyven, speaking very slowly, "to ask you if you would have any objections to me as—as Edith's husband—that is," he amended quickly, "if Edith herself has no objections. You see, I haven't ascertained that as yet."

The bishop straightened himself in his chair. With his broad shoulders and his iron gray hair he was a decidedly imposing man. Just now he regarded his guest with an odd expression, half of affection, half of amusement.

"So you came to me first," he said quietly. "Rather a rare procedure in these degenerate days. You show a delicate deference, sir, to certain ideas that I inherit from my ancestry on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. I think I shall have to index you as a master tactician," he ended playfully.

"Then you have no objections in the matter?" asked Van Ruyven.

"Bless my soul, no," laughed the bishop, "and if I read Edith rightly she has none either."

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded the younger man intently. His face became suddenly grave.

"There is something about Edith, however, that I must confide to you," he said, something that no one alive knows save myself. Under the circumstances I think you should know it too. I shall tell you." He stopped for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

Van Ruyven bent his head slowly in acknowledgment of his obligation.

"Edith," said the bishop very gently, as if even the confession of it cost him a pang, "is not my own child."

Van Ruyven sat up in surprise. "Not your child?" he repeated incredulously.

"No," said the bishop. "Years ago when I was in charge of a very humble country parish, she was left on the steps of the rectory one night, a tiny mite, wrapped in an old horse blanket. We intended at first to send her to an asylum, but there was something about those big dark eyes and those tiny arms even then that cried out to us. You know there were never any children of our own, and she came to fill the vacant niche in our lives." He paused a moment and smiled reminiscently. "I thought you ought to know of this, even if"—

"My dear bishop," Van Ruyven interrupted, "I doubt if she could have been really more yours had she been born to you. Why, she has your ideas and your traits. She even has your penetrating way of looking at one."

"I don't think the accident of her birth has made very much difference with her or with me," the bishop said. "My own daughter could not have been more to me, Arthur." The bishop's eyes were moist in his earnestness. "She has never once disappointed me. Even her intentions seem to be mine."

* * * * * * *

There was a commotion downstairs, then the sound of footsteps on the polished stairs and a vigorous knock on the lintel. The portiere was whisked aside, and an excited maid came into the room—so excited that she gave no heed to the bishop's frown of mild reproof at her unseemly entrance.

"Please, sor," she gasped, "Miss Edith do be wantin' yer downstairs at wance, sor. They's been a baby left on the doorstip."

The bishop almost sprang from his chair. "A what?" he said.

"A baby, sor, left on the doorstip, sor."

"There seems something almost ominous in this coincidence, Arthur," he said nervously. "Pardon me a moment. I'll be back directly."

After the bishop had left the room Van Ruyven tiptoed cautiously into the hall and peered over the banisters. It was indeed a strange group that stood in the hall below—Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, with the much swathed bundling in her arms; Edith, tall and stately, standing near by, her arms and neck showing like ivory against the dark tapestry on the wall; the bishop peering into the depths of the old shawl that wrapped the bundle, and a crying over his shoulder and the scrubwoman Higgins explaining to such as cared to listen how he had come to find the bundle when he had answered the bell.

"And what'll we do with it?" asked Mrs. Briggs when Higgins' tale of woe had come to an end.

"Do?" said Edith. "Why, we'll take it to the home, of course."

"My dear," the bishop remonstrated mildly, "why not keep it here with us? To take it to the home seems to me to be very much like casting it into outer darkness. Of course we can't look after all the waifs, but suppose we take this one, who has been left at our very door, and give it a chance in the world."

Edith laughed unsympathetically. "Why, father, dear, what a silly idea," she began. "Of course we can't keep it."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," quoted the bishop.

"A very pretty sentiment," said the girl, "but most unpractical. You haven't the least idea what instincts this child may have. You would probably give it every advantage in the world only to have it disappoint you at every turn. It would probably grow up a most ungrateful little wretch. They always do."

Van Ruyven tiptoed back into the study and sat down before the fire. He heard the group below go into the reception room and their voices came up to him indistinctly. For a time he sat there, smoking in a preoccupied manner. Then he heard Edith's voice in the hall below giving orders to the servants.

"Higgins, telephone for the carriage, and Mrs. Briggs get on your things, please, and be ready when it comes. We'll take the child to the home. I'll go with you. I can't conceive why father had such absurd notions about keeping it here."

A little later the front door slammed, there was a rumble of carriage wheels without, and then Van Ruyven heard the bishop's steps slowly ascending the stairs. He came into the study and stood for awhile looking silently into the fire.

"Did you hear it?" he asked at length, turning abruptly to Van Ruyven. The younger man nodded. The bishop sank rather heavily into his chair.

"She's not mine! I was mistaken!" he burst out. "She is no daughter of mine, after all!"

Van Ruyven rose. "I think I'd best go now," he said simply. "Please don't tell Edith that I have been here nor why I came."

The bishop looked at him narrowly. "It will be hard for her," he said, "but I think you are justified."

Suddenly the bishop's head drooped. There was a stifled sound very like a sob.

"She said it would grow up an ungrateful little wretch, and she was right, Arthur; she was right."

Salt.

The other day the writer saw a young girl upset some salt at the table and then pick up a pinch and throw it over her left shoulder. She said that if she didn't she would quarrel with her best friend. It seemed silly to think that the spilling of the salt was going to make the quarrel, and it seemed just as silly to think that the tossing of some of it in a certain direction was going to help matters. But, like so many superstitions, there is some reason back of it.

Salt, as you know, is a great purifier. It prevents decay; it is a tonic and strengthener and is necessary to the health and even to the life of men and animals. The ancients looked upon it as always pure and lasting and made it the token of friendship. Out of this undoubtedly grew the idea that when salt is spilled friendship is broken. The Arabs regard salt as sacred, and a Bedouin in the desert, who would rob and kill you perhaps otherwise, becomes your friend and protector against all enemies if he eats salt with you, his way of offering hospitality.—New York Times.

Earthly Riches.

The thief had broken through and was stealing.

"Serves 'em right," he said, "for layin' up their treasures so nice an' convenient on top of this bureau where I can git at 'em."

The moth and rust meanwhile were at work in other portions of the elegant and costly mansion.—Chicago Tribune.

Advice From Her Lawyer.

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the Bristol county bar in the last century, once secured the acquittal of an old Irishwoman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth and in an audible whisper said:

"Mr. Carfin, wha'll I do with the por-ruk?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool. The judge says you didn't steal it."—Boston Herald.

Puzzled.

Johnnie—What does that notice say over there, mother? Mother—It says, "No dogs admitted." Johnnie—But the dogs can't read, can they? How are they to know?

LOST LITERATURE.

Fire and Water Have Destroyed Many Books.

The fine literature absolutely lost is very considerable. Of classical literature alone books could be filled with the mere names of works, never to mention the mutilated state of many that survive. The causes of loss are few. Fire is the most common. Ben Jonson by the fire in his house lost an entire drama of the life of Henry V., with notes, and a number of other works. The fire of London was responsible for the loss of many valuable works of the Elizabethan period and of much early English poetry. A severer blow to lovers of Anglo-Saxon literature was the burning of the Cottonian library in 1731, when a vast quantity of old manuscripts was destroyed. In 1752 by a fire in Magoon's inn Philadelphia a large collection of manuscripts and pamphlets, gathered with great labor by Lord Chamberlain Somers, was lost. About the same time Davies' notes on Cicero's "De Offaiis" were lost by a fire in Strand, London.

The second great cause of loss is the ocean, whose "greedy maw" swallows all kinds of treasure so remorselessly. Early in the fifteenth century Guarino Veronese was returning to Constantinople with a shipload of classical manuscripts. The vessel was wrecked and the treasures lost, a misfortune which turned the scholar's hair white in a few hours. Our own Spenser suffered serious loss by shipwreck of a servant crossing from Ireland. The last six books of the "Faerie Queene" and a number of translations and poems, including "Pyramus," "The Court of Cupid" and "The Hell of Lovers," were thus consigned to a watery grave. In 1690, on the death of Vincenzio Pinelli, his library was packed in three vessels bound for Naples. One was attacked by pirates, who flung out the books and papers into the sea and along the shore, some of the latter being picked up by the inhabitants and used to stuff windows with. Toward the close of the last century a servant of Warburton came across a antique mass of manuscript plays, which she took up in lighting fires and making pie crust frills. And everybody remembers how a domestic of John Stuart Mill consigned to the flames a part of Carlyle's "French Revolution." The horror of Mill at the loss and the agony of Carlyle in rewriting the work are now matters of history.

A very curious loss was occasioned in Italy in the fourteenth century, when Raimondo Soranzo loaned the manuscript of Cicero's "De Gloria" to a friend, who pawned it and died before his hiding place could be discovered.—London Telegraph.

Paradise Myths.

Paradise opinions seem to owe much of their popularity to peculiar local influences. The inhabitants of the Kongo basin believe that paradise is a "valley of peace," where good spirits float about continually engaged in catching mosquitoes, and thus protecting the sleep of kings and great men who are in a perpetual slumber.

The inhabitants of the hot, sandy, shadeless desert island of Botoeu imagine paradise to be a land of cool streams, shaded by gigantic forest growths. It may be well to mention in this connection that the heaven ideas of all desert dwellers pictures a fleckly wooded hereafter.

The Yukoats of eastern Siberia believe that heaven will be a country provided with ready lighted fires and many bubbling kettles and fish oil.

When the Rev. Claus Hansen, a Norwegian missionary, was picturing heaven to an Eskimo the savage flatly refused to embrace Christianity because, according to his idea, the hereafter should provide plenty of ice, snowshoes and sea monsters.

Milling the Edges.

Before the year 1551 English coins were simply pieces of metal stamped by driving a die down on them with a hammer. In the days when money had a much greater intrinsic value than it has now this offered a great temptation to coin clippers, and mutilation of the coinage became such a serious offense that men were hanged and women were buried for it, so far did the mutilation go that when Sir Isaac Newton was appointed master of the mint in 1695 it was calculated that the silver coins in circulation only averaged about half their legal weight. The practice of milling was first adopted in France, when a screw press invented by a Frenchman was used. The first milled coins were made in London in 1631, but the old stamped coins were still issued, and it was not until 1699 that unmilled coins ceased to be legal tender. The cost of making the milled coinage universal and so putting a stop to clipping was £1,200,000. It was to meet this expense that the window tax was levied.—London Graphic.

Garrick and Dr. Johnson.

There is a charming little glimpse of Garrick in J. T. Smith's "Book For a Rainy Day:" "On a night when Mr. Garrick was acting the part of Lear one of the soldiers, who stood on the stage pinioned like a child, Mr. Garrick, who was as fond of a compliment as most men, when the play was over sent for the man to his room and gave him half a crown. It was the custom formerly for two soldiers to stand on the stage during the time of performance, one at either end of the proscenium."

Of Dr. Samuel Johnson in a state of high inebriation Smith offers this picture: "I once saw him follow a sturdy thief, who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor square, seize him by the collar with both hands and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face that sent him off the pavement staggering."

The One Exception.

"Of course," said Henpeck, "I don't always do what my wife tells me"—

"What!" exclaimed Meeker in surprise.

"No; you see if she's in a sarcastic mood when she orders me to do anything I know she wants me to do just the opposite."—Philadelphia Press.

Astute Mr. Phillips

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by Homer Sprague

There was no room to doubt that Mr. James Phillips was astute. He had been told so by his employer, by his fellow clerks in the bank and by two of three detectives with whom he had come in contact. In fact, he had rooms in the same house with a detective, and they were on such intimate terms that the sleuth let him in on some of his cases and on several occasions had said to him:

"Phillips, you would have made a great detective. You have the natural astuteness of a Vidocq."

There were times when the bank clerk really thought of resigning his position and taking up detective work as a profession. He had almost made up his mind in earnest when a brilliant thought came to him.

He was a young man of twenty-six, earning a salary of $20 per week. Until further promotion should come he could not hope for any increase. The place he aspired to was years away, and there was no way of adding to his income and getting married and living as he wanted to live.

The brilliant thought that flashed upon him one evening was to turn his astuteness into criminal channels and reap the profits. He did not intend murder nor highway robbery nor burglary, but simply to beat the public in some easy way. As he was a good penman, and as he was well acquainted with the ways of banks, it was natural that he should decide on forgery as his line.

The astute Mr. Phillips did not rush into the new business in a day or a month; it was a whole year before he was ready to move. He first called up all the cases of forgery that he had heard of in connection with banks and went over them one by one in the most methodical manner. Some had succeeded, and he satisfied himself as to why others had sent men to prison. Then he borrowed the detectives' scrapbook and purchased the published reminiscences of two or three others and read every line connected with forgery. His deductions when he had finished were that nineteen out of every twenty men arrested for the crime were burglars. They had been careless; they had left loopholes; they had neglected the most ordinary precautions. In some cases they had lacked nerve. I think he knew he possessed to a wonderful degree; in others they had taken alarm when there was not the slightest cause for it. Forgery, he decided after studying every phase of it for a year, was the very safest game in the catalogue.

When Mr. Phillips had fully and firmly made up his mind to enter into business he jotted down the following points in his favor: He had always borne a good reputation, he was connected with a responsible house, he could imitate any man's chirography, he knew scores of men who banked at institutions outside his own, he was an adept at disguising face and voice, he was a comrade of a detective who would keep him informed of what was going on, and his friendship with the officer would serve to lull all suspicion. It was plain sailing to success.

It is said that there are plenty of men who would beat a bank out of a thousand dollars and yet hesitate to take ten from any other source. Persons of wealth will beat the customs because Uncle Sam is considered fair game. The criminal who gets ahead of a bank or other corporation does not feel that he has broken the law as if he had robbed a private house. Mr. Phillips intended to pay all his attention to banks and none of it to private individuals. Had any one suggested that he beat a corner grocer out of $50 by some gum game he would have been highly indignant.

The detective had told the bank clerk that more criminals came to grief through confederates than in any other way. There is honor among thieves only up to a certain point. They stand ready to sell each other out at any hour when it seems that they can personally benefit by it.

Mr. Phillips' natural astuteness warned him to go it alone and trust to no man, and therefore when he got ready to put his programme in motion no living man shared his secret. There had been certain preparations to make. He was allowed an hour for lunch. He had been in the habit of going to a certain place, patronized by other bank clerks. He purposely raised a row with the proprietor that he might have some excuse for going elsewhere. He would need to be disguised, and he had to rent a room in a convenient location to make the changes. There must be a safe place for his money, and he found it by renting a second room half a mile from the other. To both landlords and to account for his brief stops he claimed to be a detective.

Mr. Phillips was in no hurry, and he did not propose to leave any loose ends. He went over his plans time after time, and finally satisfied himself that they were without a flaw. He had provided for every contingency likely to arise, and it only remained to rake in the plunder. After going over his list of "availables" he finally selected a business house which had formerly banked with his people. Their signature was at his disposal, and he knew the size of their account at the new bank. He could get $5,000 from them easily, and the chances were that the crime would remain undiscovered for at least a fortnight.

One day the astute bank clerk was quite ready to start out. He was not a bit flurried or excited. He left his desk at the usual moment, donned his coat and hat in the usual way and passed out upon the street to seek his lodgings and disguise himself. He did not overdo this. He simply donned a false wig and mustache, slipped on a hat and coat unlike his usual garments and then sauntered carelessly along in to the Fourth National bank.

The substitute teller was at the pay window, as he had figured he would be after 12 o'clock. This man did not know him. There were three or four persons with checks to be cashed, and Phillips took his place in line. He had a forged check for $5,650 in his hand, and he was certain that it would be paid without question. The merchants would have sworn that the signature was their own. The check was passed in, glanced at, and the teller swiftly counted out the money. He was about to pass it through the window, and Mr. Phillips was feeling a sort of contempt for his easy ways when he paused, laid down the bills and took another look at the check on file. There were ten seconds of puzzled hesitation, and then he said:

"There is a bit of irregularity here. This check is dated for tomorrow. See?"

The astute Mr. Phillips saw. For a year he had been slowly and carefully preparing for this day. For a year he had been telling himself that there could be no failure. He had written out the check with the utmost care and had scanned it over and over again, and yet he had dated it a day ahead and made a most egregious blunder. The thing came upon him with sledge hammer force, and in spite of his assurance he exhibited some confusion. This might have passed with the teller as a natural result had not a man with a check to be cashed exhibited undue curiosity and had not Mr. Phillips' comrade detective come strolling in. He was known to the officers of the bank and at once became interested in the incident.

"It was an oversight that I will have corrected in twenty minutes," remarked Mr. Phillips as he took the check and started out. But the detective would not have it that way, and five minutes later he had penetrated the disguise of his friend. Perhaps their friendship might have stood the strain or an explanation been possible, but the teller would not have it so. An attempt had been made to "do" and ruin him, and he proposed to see it through. The result came two months later, when the careful and deliberate and painstaking as well as extraordinarily astute Mr. Phillips was sentenced to state prison for seven years.

"Sorry for you, my boy—very sorry," said the detective as he left him at the prison, "but you see there is a difference. Astuteness in business brings sure reward, but astuteness in crime lands most of 'em here."

A Terrible Scene.

Strolschneider, the famous aeronaut, astonished the natives of Stockerau, near Vienna, by carrying a young barrister on his back along a tight rope eighty pieces in length fixed to the church steeple. A few days later flaming posters appeared on the walls announcing that Strolschneider would effect a balloon ascent in the company of Herr Prammer, the popular landlord of the White Rose.

Notwithstanding the fact that the police had forbidden the landlord, who has a large family, from taking part in the performance nine-tenths of the inclosure at the appointed time, to the no small delight of the assembled multitude. At a given signal the balloon rose in the air, Strolschneider and the landlord sitting on the trapeze beneath. Some of the spectators declare that the latter turned as pale as a sheet during his upward flight, though he did not fail to wave his hat to the crowd. After reaching a dizzy height the two balloonists were observed to quarrel and actually came to blows. All at once the landlord plunged headlong into space. A shout of horror arose from the spectators, who ran to the spot where they expected to find Prammer lying with broken limbs. What was their astonishment at discovering not a corpse, but a lay figure dressed in one of the landlord's suits. The manikin was conveyed to Stockerau in triumph.

The British Anthem.

The whirligig of time has brought changes of its own into the British national anthem. In 1745 it began:

God save great George, our king!

The king's name was again inserted in that second verse, which has been used as an argument to prove that the words were written by Ben Jonson as early as 1607, to celebrate King James I.'s escape from the gunpowder plot:

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On George our hopes we fix—
God save the king!

The change to the present form is:

On thee our hopes we fix.

where deity has been substituted for majesty. There is another rendering, which the exigencies of the times no longer demand:

Oh, grant that Marshal Wade
May by thy mighty aid
Victory bring!
May he sedition hush
And like a torrent rush
Rebellious Scots to crush;
God save the king!

London Queen

Why Not?

Mrs. Frederick Schoff, president of the National Mothers' Congress, is enthusiastic about a delightful five-year-old girl she met in Salt Lake City.

"Jane was out driving with her father," said Mrs. Schoff, "and noticed that her father simply slashed the whip through the air to make the horse quicken his pace.

"'Papa,' said the little one, 'why don't you whip us children that way?'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Oil Upon the Troubled Waters.

Lady—All your marine pictures represent the sea as calm. Why don't you paint a storm once in awhile? Artist—We painters in oil can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil colors the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pond.—Punch.

Wholly Unnecessary.

"You don't even know how to make a lemon tart," remarked the cooking school girl, with fine scorn.

"It isn't necessary to make a lemon tart," replied the other. "All the lemons I've ever seen were pretty tart already."

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Collias, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebraudt, Linn, Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.

REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for opinion as to free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 925 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA·SNOW & Co.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A rich man died the other day. He died in the very midwinter of life, and he left his family $1,000,000. The doctor's certificate showed that death resulted from typhoid fever. The doctor himself said to a friend: "That man was a suicide. He had a splendid constitution. I could have pulled him through if his stomach had been sound. But he ruined his stomach by hasty meals, snatched in intervals of business and by neglect of symptoms which have been warning him a year past, that his stomach was failing in its duties."

The symptoms of a disordered stomach are, among others, variable appetite, sour risings, heartburn, undue fullness after eating, dull headache, dingy complexion, discolored eye, fluctuations in physical strength, nervousness, sleeplessness dependency. No person will have all these symptoms at once.

The restoration of the stomach to sound health, begins with the first dose of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The cure progresses until the functions of the stomach are in healthy operation. Then the nerves are quiet and strong, the appetite healthful, the sleep restful, the eye bright, the complexion clear.

"Please accept my thanks for the benefit which my child received from your medicine," writes Mrs. W. S. Morgan of Silva, Mo. "She had been troubled for nearly a year with liver complaint, indigestion and constipation. I gave him your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and they did him great good. I gave him the 'Discovery' about eight months, and several vials of the 'Pellets.' He seems to be perfectly well now."

If you want a cure accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The ORIGINAL Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago, have been much imitated, but never equaled. They're purely vegetable, concentrated and refined medicinal principles, extracted from native American roots and plants. They speedily relieve and cure dull, torpid and deranged Stomachs, Livers and Bowels and their attendant distressful ailments. One or two a laxative, three or four a cathartic.

THE BIG STORE.

I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport for 75c complete

CALL AND SEE IT.

Also full line of HARDWARE, GAS STOVES and RANGES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, CAST ALUMINUM WARE that will last a lifetime.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 15, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Strong, the plumber, has a new ad in this issue.

—Read what H. W. Rubin has to say in his change of ad this week.

—Bear in mind the hose boys supper and dance at the house to-morrow night.

—In his regular space H. H. Redfield has an important announcement this week.

—April 6th and 20th are the dates named by Governor Pennypacker to be observed as arbor days.

—The supervisors of Otto township have applied for a portion of the State funds for the purpose of building a macadam road out of Duke Center.

—John Cole, of Bradford, was out hunting foxes on Saturday with another young man and lost the right little finger in an accidental discharge of the gun.

—Out near Toledo, Ohio, a nitro-glycerine magazine was broken into and a quantity of the powerful explosive stolen. This seems to be taking long chances for small gains.

—P. H. Kilday of the St. Charles Hotel sold out Tuesday to Charles F. Johnson. The new proprietor will take charge of the house as soon as the license can be transferred.—Emporium Independent.

—An exchange says: Nearly 1,800 kinds of sausages will be exhibited at a show in Switzerland. The failure of our groundhog to make good on his weather can now be explained by the theory that he is on his way there to enter as an exhibit.

—Ex-Commissioner D. A. Sunderlin and J. M. Whitney, the well-known bridge agent, were before the grand jury at Coudersport last week on a new indictment—that of conspiracy in the purchase of a county bridge and also its erection. The defendants gave bail and their cases were continued to the June term of court.

—Miss Anna Melinder, a teacher in the Glen Hazel school, has been held in the sum of $300 for her appearance at court, on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Mrs. Jennie Goetz, on the person of the plaintiff's fourteen year old daughter. Bail was furnished and the case will be aired in the courts of Elk county.

The Fiddle Drill.

The "fiddle drill" is one of the oldest mechanical toys in existence. It is said to antedate Greek sculpture and is in use today in about the same form as it was 2,000 years ago. As its name implies, its action resembles a fiddle. The drill is of two pieces. In one hand a carver holds the drill stock, which is like a carpenter's brace, except that it is straight instead of having a crank. In the other hand he holds the "bow," which is strung with a horse wire and which is given a turn around the drill stock. To use the drill the carver places the drill stock against his breast, holding it with his left hand, and with his right he draws the bow back and forth, fiddle fashion. This imparts a rotary motion to the drill stock, and the drill is groomed in one or either way it turns. The fiddle drill is used in the finest work in crevices where the sculptor could not reach with his chisel and hammer without endangering the carving.

The Worrying Habit.

I asked a physician what cure he would suggest for the worrying habit. "I would prescribe common sense," he said. "And if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and can't cultivate one no doctor can give it to him or her. This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the hands of the woman herself. If she will just call a little common sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the best side of things, she will live longer and retain her beauty longer. Every woman wants to keep beautiful to the last. Why does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow skinned, dull eyed and thoroughly unlovely?"

Why, indeed?—New York Globe.

Vanilla.

It is curious to read that vanilla was employed by the Aztecs of Mexico as an ingredient in the manufacture of chocolate prior to the discovery of America by the Spaniards and that it was brought to Europe as a perfume with indigo, cochineal and cacao ten years before the arrival of tobacco on our shores. The name vanilla is derived from the Spanish vaina, a pod or capsule. Dampier described it as a little pod full of small black seeds and like the stem of a tobacco leaf, so much so that his men when they found the dried pods at first threw them away, "wondering why the Spaniards should lay up tobacco stems."—Chambers' Journal.

Principle of the Hinge.

The principle of the hinge is seen in almost every joint in the animal kingdom. No animal is without a hinge joint somewhere or other in its anatomy.

Arrow Shields.

The other day I saw a little modern book, in a green cover, on a table in a drawing room. I picked it up. It was about the early French in Canada, and my eye fell on a copy of a drawing by their leader, Champlain, or Champlain. The scene represented was an attack by the native allies of the French, the Algonquins, on a fort held by Iroquois. The Algonquins advance through showers of arrows under shields nearly as tall as themselves like doors with rounded tops. Now you may see exactly the same sort of shields in a picture of a lion hunt, inlaid in gold and silver, on the bronze blade of a dagger found by Dr. Schliemann in "the grave of Agamemnon." These monstrous Mycenæan shields cause much discussion among the learned. Why were they so huge? The Algonquins used the very same shields hung from their necks, and the reason was the same—their battles were battles of archers, and nobody can parry a shower of arrows with a smaller shield. Shields grew small in Greece as bow and arrow went out and sword and spear came in.—London Illustrated News.

The Deceitfulness of Fur.

It detracts somewhat from one's feeling of pride in a handsome fur garment to know that after the dresser, dyer, cleaner and dyer have got through with the rabbit skin it may be a "seal skin," a "sable," an "otter," a "Siberian squirrel," a "mink," a "marten," a "beaver" or any other "choice fur." The transformation takes place in the shops, which sell felt to hatmakers, carpet weavers and felt manufacturers, and Paris and London are the principal centers for this industry. In those cities millions of rabbit skins are dressed and treated, and begin furs are sent out to robe men and women of all parts of the world. The skins are purchased soon after they have been stripped from bunny's back and are still and hard when they are unpacked in the sorting room. Experts examine each skin and those which come up to the established standard are sent to the furriers, but the poor, undersized and imperfect pelts are turned over to the poor old woman who sells the hair of its hide for the felt maker.—Exchange.

[illegible] learning [illegible] though lost by less than one [illegible] she was [illegible] years old [illegible]

[illegible] When other children were playing she would amuse herself by reading [illegible] Her father [illegible] very early in life, when she was [illegible] and father were often away at court, leaving her to the care of her governess and her schoolmasters at the stately family place called Bradgate. The big house [illegible] on the edge of a great forest surrounded by acres of unbelievably [illegible] There were very few books and not any newspapers at the castle, and Lady Jane Grey had no playmates, as her governess would not allow her to play with the servants' children, and there were no others suitable for her companions within miles.

The Origin of Windfall.

The origin of the expression "windfall," which is used when one wishes to refer to a streak of good luck, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. At that time it was a criminal offense to cut timber in the British forests without royal consent. All that could be gathered for fuel or other purposes was such limbs as the wind should happen to break and cast to the ground. On this account the peasants hailed a great windstorm as a blessing, because it was apt to cast enough of "windfalls" for winter firewood. From this old time forestry custom comes the modern application of the expression. At one time it was decreed that only such limbs and whole trees as should fall during the three summer months could be used as firewood, but the unjustness of the act was so plainly apparent that no attempt was ever made to enforce it.

Muzzled Women of Muscat.

Women of the better class in Muscat all wear muzzles, which barely allow them to open the mouth or see with the eye or sneeze. If there happens to be a Cleopatra in Muscat she will never fascinate any Antony by the beauty of her well shaped nose, for it is kept in a specially made, ugly case, in which it is impossible to tell its shape. But with all its faults this is a far better system than that of cutting off the nose, as men in the Kangra district in India are wont to do when any of their spouses have proved too fascinating.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Curious Fishing.

Very curious is the method of fishing followed by the Chinese in the strait of Malacca. The fisherman lets down from the side of the boat a screen of white canvas stretched on wood. The shoal of fish mistake this for some floating obstruction and try to leap over it, with the result that the fish jump into the boat and are thus captured. This method is employed by Malays in their waters.

Ventriloquism in the Bible.

Ventriloquism, which is described as "speaking from the belly," has its first historic mention, as far as we are aware, in Isaiah xxix, 4, "And thou shalt be brought down and shall speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Resourceful.

"Here!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him. "You told me you had read this work on evidence, and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X rays," yawned the versatile son, and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.—London Punch.

Electricity.

The electrical properties of amber were known to the Greeks before the Christian era. Electricity takes its name from the Greek word for amber. Gilbert in 1600 was the first to employ the terms "electric force" and "electric attractions." In 1748 Franklin's electrical researches had progressed so far that he killed a turkey by the electric spark and roasted it by an electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric bottle. And in 1752 by means of the kite experiment he demonstrated the identity of electricity and lightning. The first magneto-electric machine was made at Paris by Pixii in 1832; the first telegraph line in the United States was set up between Washington and Baltimore in 1844; the first submarine cable was laid between England and France in 1850. As early as 1802 Sir Humphry Davy produced an electric light with carbon points on almost the same principle as that now employed. The first electric railway on the continent of Europe was built by Siemens at Berlin in 1881, the first in England was constructed in 1882, and in America the first electric line was built in 1884.

Royal Roads.

People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be had in Paris than they can in dust; that the gates to royal roads in any shape worth going to; that if there were it would that instant cease to be worth going to. I mean so far as the goals to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of price, for there are two classes of precious things in the world—those that God gives us for nothing, and air and life—both mortal life and life eternal, and the secondarily precious things which he gives us for a price. Those secondarily precious things, worthily wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money. They never can be cheapened. No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.—Ruskin.

The Tip of the Alligator's Tail.

A great delicacy in Florida, according to the Cleveland Leader, is the tip of an alligator's tail. It tastes like frogs' legs, though a bit more gamy. Alligator tails are best just after the breeding season. The big alligators float in the water with only their eyes showing. When they see a flock of these fat, juicy little birds they dive to the bottom. Their long, wide snout scrapes up some of the loam, and they float to the surface again with just the rich soil showing. The birds think it is an island. They alight upon it. When the whole family is there the big reptile turns suddenly. Just as the birds scream do all he opens his mouth once. They are gone. The birds are neat little feeders, and the alligator is an epicure at this time of the year. The riebird diet makes the tip of his tail, of which he is most vain, tender and sweet.

A Famous Dwarf.

Geoffrey Hudson, the famous dwarf of Charles I., was introduced at court during the festivities attending the coronation. By an odd conceit he was concealed in a cold pie, the crust of which being removed disclosed the dwarf fully dressed and making his bow to the king and queen. At the age of twenty he was eighteen inches high, but before attaining the age of thirty he grew several inches additional. Geoffrey, like most dwarfs, was of limited intelligence, but of intense vanity and large self conceit. It is asserted by many scientific authorities that this is a characteristic of dwarfs.

The Theater of Dionysus.

What was probably one of the earliest theaters built was the theater of Dionysus, which was begun five centuries before Christ. The seating capacity of this remarkable building is said to have been 30,000. The theater of Dionysus was erected when Greek art and literature were in their prime. Here were presented to appreciative spectators the wonderful works of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

The Burglar's Grasp.

"Did it ever strike you that a burglar of all men is most sensitive to the fitness of things?"

"Can't say it ever did. How do you make it out?"

"He always throws light on his shady transactions with a dark lantern."—Baltimore American.

His Politics.

Election Canvasser—What does your husband think of the fiscal question, Mrs. Hodge? Mrs. Hodge—Well, sir, when 'e's a-talking to a protectionist 'e's a free-trader, and when 'e's talking to a free trader 'e's a protectionist, and when 'e's a-talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!—Punch.

Perfume of Flowers.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted, and it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flowers in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

Encouraging Him.

Mr. Faintart—Miss Brightly, I—aw—that is—Mabel, I—er—desire to—aw—really— Miss Brightly—Keep right on, Mr. Faintart; I'll consider your proposal and have my answer ready by the time you have got it out of your system.—Philadelphia Press.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Gondthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call.—Puck.

Some Reduction.

"Then the doctor didn't succeed in reducing your weight?"

"Why, not very much, but he left me with quite an attenuated pocketbook."

Beats Horse Show Driving.

A western man was telling some stories of daring driving, some realistic and some hyperbolic. "There is a story," he said, "of One Eyed Pete McCoy. If this story is true, the four-in-hand drivers of the east are only practicing a decayed and degenerate form of coaching. One Eyed Pete drove a Dakota stagecoach that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish and Bear Gulch. He tore into Carbonate one day on his usual dead run. Like an avalanche, the coach clattered up to the hotel door. There suddenly it stopped, and one of the horses fell stone dead.

"'A very sudden death,' said a bystander.

"'Sudden? Not at all,' said One Eyed Pete. 'That there hoss died at the top of the hill, nine mile back, sir, but I wa'n't goin' to let him down till I got to the reg'lar stoppin' place.'"

The Golden Crested Wren.

The golden crested wren is the smallest not only of British but of all European birds. Its average weight is only about eight grains troy. The length of the feathers is about three and a half inches and the stretch of the wings about five inches, but when the feathers are taken off the length of the body does not exceed one inch.

The language denotes the man. A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—Bovee.

A FAMOUS REMEDY

"I cured MY cough with German Syrup!"
He wrote to Dr. H. C. Wells.
"And as sure as I tell you that's dear
I'm feelin' finer than ever I've been!"

¶The poor consumptive should not be the victim of experiment, as he often is, but the moment the dread disease manifests its presence he should be given Boschee's German Syrup—a pure, non-alcoholic medicine that is made specially for the cure of consumption, and has a world-wide fame as a certain remedy for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, sore throat and all bronchial affections in old and young.

¶It is sold in all civilized countries, and has been famous as a consumption cure for almost half a century.

¶Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At all druggists throughout the world.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

A Hostess

who does her share of entertaining, wants her home in perfect repair. If she conducts a guest to

The Lavatory

and finds it out of order she is covered with confusion. There isn't any occasion for bad plumbing in this town while we're alive. Call us in and have it fixed right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN.

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, : methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Penn County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100. per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 15, 1900.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. HAMMOND.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 21, 1900.

N. M. Orr of Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at its primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 6, 1900.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. GUTHRIDGE.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1900.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

Slate Lick Mills, Pa., March 7, 1900.

THAT Uncle Sam's boys do not forget how to fight is evidenced by the fact that in a recent brush in the Philippines a small detachment of soldiers disposed of 600 Moros. Fifteen soldiers were killed.

THE death of Susan B. Anthony, the noted leader of the woman suffrage movement, occurred at Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday morning. She was 86 years of age and her death was due to heart failure. Miss Anthony was one of the most famous women of the world and was the author of many able articles.

THE coal situation is again attracting the attention of the world this week. The operators have refused all demands of the miners and it is intimated in mining circles that the operators desire a strike. President Mitchell of the Mine Workers' Union admits that the situation is serious.

ALL France has been profoundly shocked by the magnitude of the mine disaster which occurred near Courrieres in the northern part of the country, Friday last. An explosion of fire damp killed nearly 2,000 miners and late reports say that a number of rescuers were overcome by deadly gases and perished.

THE time is ripe for the people who are interested in the future welfare of Smethport to make some kind of an effort to induce industries to locate here. For the past six or seven years Smethport has been one of the most prosperous towns in Pennsylvania, but now a crisis is at hand and it all depends on our citizens whether Smethport's next step is forward or backward. We do not wish to appear as an alarmist and we do not wish to make anyone believe that there is any danger of Smethport going into a rapid decline, but we do wish to arouse our citizens to the realization that they are not putting forth the efforts they should for the permanent betterment of the prettiest, cleanest and healthiest town in the Commonwealth. At the present time there is scarcely, if any one of the window glass factories moving where gas is more plentiful and cheaper and this must eventually be the outcome, not alone with Smethport, but with every town in this section that has glass factories. The great natural advantage for the location of these industries is cheap gas for fuel and they will always follow the gas development instead of having a permanent home. The thing for our people to do is to induce industries to locate here that do not require large quantities of gas for fuel but industries which will be permanent and run the year round. One new industry of this kind will start operations here in the near future and if our people can get together and hustle others can be located. Let everybody get into the game for a permanently prosperous Smethport.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., March 10, 1900.

Next Monday the debate on the Hepburn Rate Bill will open in earnest in the Senate. Until then any forecast of the situation is nothing more than guess work. There are a number of amendments to be offered. Some will be turned down immediately, others will stand a chance of acceptance after a fight. But it is believed as a whole that the proposal for a conservative judicial review will be accepted. This is the provision meeting most nearly with the views of the President. The only question is whether the scheme for a judicial review can be so framed that the corporation lawyers of the country will be able to take advantage of it so as to practically nullify the intention of the law by opening a way to interminable litigation which the railroads can stand and which the shippers cannot. The negotiations between the two parties and the two factions of each party still continue. The Democratic side is much divided. It is a certainty that the administration cannot count on anything like a solid Democratic vote to help out the unity of Republicans who will vote for the bill. The Republicans are also divided and Senator Allison and several others are working to secure reasonably harmonious action within the party. It would not be at all surprising under the circumstances if the ultra conservative element broke entirely with the party.

Much interest has been caused in all official circles by the report from Gen. Wood of the engagement of the American forces with the Moros in Jolo. From the reports that have been received at the War Department in addition to the press dispatches describing the battle, it would seem that there has been one of the most important engagements in the number of men killed since the occupation of the islands by the American forces. It was stated at the War Department to-day that Gen. Wood has been faced by a very uncomfortable situation. The natives do not know or understand leniency in any form on the part of the government. Leniency is regarded as a sign of weakness. Consequently an increasing number of outlaws and malefactors concentrated in the center of the islands and it was a question whether Gen. Wood should allow them to remain there unmolested and allow them to swoop down on the settlements and upset the generally peaceful condition of the island, or whether he should proceed against them and wipe them out as the dispatches say he has done. It appears that he took the latter course, and while it has cost the government a number of men, there is a question whether after all it was not the best thing to do. Gen. Woods' worst enemies in the service, and they are many, would not accuse him of lacking any of the essential qualities of a fighter either personally or as a commander. The Moros are fighters themselves from the way back counties, and it is little wonder that the reports are concerned entirely with casualties and nothing about prisoners. But it is safe to say that the bandits in Jolo have been taught a lesson that they will not forget for a number of years to come.

The fight on the statehood bill has reached a point where it is safe to say that the bill will be passed with the Foraker amendment which will turn the question of joint statehood back for final settlement on the citizens of New Mexico and Arizona. While Senator Beveridge says that this is unnecessary, it would seem the decent thing to do, as it is rather against precedent to take any state into the Union against the will of the people. The vote on the bill will not come till next week, but if it is passed in such shape that the people of the two territories have a referendum vote in the matter there ought not to be any question of its fair settlement. From the way things look now, the state of Oklahoma and Indian Territory will be admitted as a whole and no great protest made. But it is almost certain that there will not only be a hard fight in New Mexico and Arizona and that a majority of the voters of Arizona will stand out for separate statehood if they have to wait a decade to get it.

The proposal to cut down on the postal facilities, afforded the government is one of the most practical measures of reform that has been introduced lately. It is not intended that the restriction shall effect private individuals but it is intended to cut down the great amount of government property shipped over the roads at certain seasons and prevent an undue weight allowance being figured out in favor of the railroads. The appropriation recommended by the committee on postoffices and post roads will meet the normal growth of the service, but it is intended to retrench as far as possible in an endeavor to put the Postoffice on a paying basis.

It cost the United States nearly three times as much to distribute seeds, bulbs and trees to farmers and planters as it costs to purchase the commodities. Figures in the report of B. T. Galloway, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, for 1905 show that the government paid $245,000 for the handling of $80,000 worth of seeds. The items of salaries, traveling expenses, assembling and mailing, and miscellaneous, amount to $2.70 for every $1 in actual value. Will it do it?

Subscribe for the MINER.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

LENT

Please examine the following list and see if there are not some goods on it that you would like for the Lenten season.

Mackerel, Boneless Codfish,
Lobster Sardines,
Shrimp Clams,
Salmon,
Kippered Herring,
Boneless Herring.

I have a nice variety of canned soups including Burnham's Clam Chowder. If entrusted with your orders I promise you the best possible service.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Get acquainted with SMITH'S

¶ If SMITH'S MAGAZINE and you are strangers we will send you the magazine three months free that you may get acquainted.

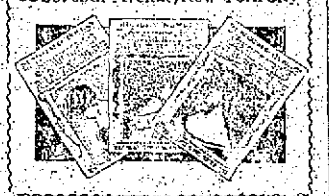
¶ SMITH'S is the biggest illustrated magazine in the world—170 pages of reading matter and pictures; the same size page as the big standard magazines like *Harper's* and *Century*.

¶ SMITH'S is made up of the best of everything—best stories that can be obtained, best illustrations that clever artists can draw, and the best special articles, written by writers who know their subject thoroughly and write as entertainingly as they are instructive.

¶ SMITH'S also prints every month a score or more pretty portraits, in colors, of beautiful women. Taken all in all, there is no better magazine than SMITH'S—in fact, none nearly as good, no matter what the cost.

¶ Write to-day. A postal will do.

Address Dept. F, Smith's Magazine, 85 Seventh Avenue, New York City.



Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES.

F-762

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

a line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Ca Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Horse Clothing. All the latest styles in single and double harness.

Anna McNeirsan,
Smethport, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKernan, late of Keating township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to Norton & Richmond, Attorneys.

ANNA McNEIRSAN,
P. O. Address, Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,258.08
July 1, 1905	17,491	87,309.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,278.80
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,553.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $3,6343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Men.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Ladies.

NEW SPRING SUITINGS.

We have a complete line of the above and owing to the early Spring we are to have it is none too early to order your new Easter Suit. A fit guaranteed with every measure taken.

Spring Hats for Men.

New Shirts for Men

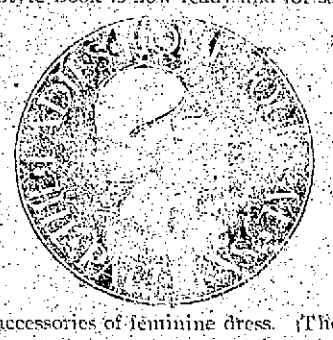
H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ASK TO SEE THE

NEW QUARTERLY

The Spring Number of the Ladies' Home Journal Quarterly Style Book is now ready and for sale. It is the greatest book of the kind ever issued, containing colored fashion plates, 140 large pages, over 1300 illustrations of the latest and best styles, and special articles of great interest to every woman. It is issued to meet the demand for complete and absolutely reliable information as to the season's fabrics, the latest styles in stockings, shoes, hair dressing, millinery and other accessories of feminine dress. The Quarterly contains everything you see in this counter catalogue and a great deal more. The edition is limited. To avoid disappointment buy a copy at once. Price 25 cents.



D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

CARPETS, MATTINGS and RUGS.

The season for house cleaning is near at hand and with it comes that

New Carpet or Fresh, Bright Matting for the Floor.

In this we lead, showing you a line of Carpets, such as was never before shown in Smethport. Each line COMPLETE from the Granites and Rag Carpet (our cheap line) to the finest Wiltons and Axminsters.

RUGS in all the popular sizes and a variety never before shown outside of the large cities.

MATTINGS that are fit coverings for any floor where this popular material can be used, and at prices that will make you glad.

In conclusion we wish to say that we purchased all of these from the best manufacturers in quantities sufficient for our three stores (Clearfield, Kane and Smethport) and that this enables us to get prices which no single concern can hope to get.

We ask you to allow us the chance to show you the line complete and then compare with others.

This store never suffers by comparison.

The Lindholm Co.

An Announcement.

I have purchased the hardware interests of Holmes & Gilfillan and as soon as practical I will move my stock of Hardware, Crockery, Paints, Plumbing Supplies, etc., to the store rooms formerly occupied by them in the Hamilton Block.

H. H. REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 15, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett is reported quite ill this week.

—What about a baseball team in this place the coming summer?

—J. Colegrove is advertising edibles suitable during the Lenten season.

—Get a line on Holmes & Gilfillan's new ad in this issue. It will prove of interest.

—Miss Ida Bennett pleasantly entertained the B. B. B. at her home on Mill street last night.

—The Lindholm Company has an ad in this issue that should interest all the readers of this paper.

—The Pedro Club was entertained last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Irons on East Main street.

—George W. King has purchased of Gardner Callen the house and lot east of Mr. King's store in East Smethport.

—The Smethport Hose Co. will give a dance and supper at the hose house tomorrow night. An enjoyable time is in store for all who attend.

—Edinboro Normal students are surrounded by influences favorable to study. Hand book sent free. Spring term begins March 27th. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Mrs. Root. Hamilton, who has been undergoing treatment in the Kane hospital, returned to her home in this town Tuesday. She is much improved in health.

—Services in the Union church, East Smethport, next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Rev. Day will use for his subject, "The Hebrew Blessing." Readers of this notice at East Smethport are especially invited to attend.

—The engagement of Miss Lelia Browne of Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. Arthur A. Schubert of Akron, Ohio, has been announced. Miss Browne is a sister of Mrs. Luther Johnson of this place and has many friends here who wish her happiness. The wedding is to take place in the early autumn.

Clarion State Normal, Clarion, Pa., offers exceptional inducements. Write to the principal for particulars. Spring term (14 weeks) opens March 26. Total expense $43.50.

—Don't forget the cooked food sale in the building adjoining Mrs. Bisett's store on Main street, St. Patrick's Day. Coffee served during afternoon and evening, under auspices of St. Elizabeth's Aid.

—Mrs. Laura Carter, who resides at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dela Colegrove, was stricken with paralysis of her left side early Tuesday morning. Mrs. Carter is 86 years old and her condition is serious.

—The Bradford Star is conducting a contest to determine the most popular lady and gentleman in Bradford. Burt McAllister, A. M. Boardman and John Swanson, former Smethport residents, are receiving many votes.

—Stewart Dennison, son of Editor Dennison of the Bradford Era, is a clever cartoonist, and is advertising the coming vaudeville entertainment for the benefit of the Bradford ball team with appropriate specimens of his art.

—Wm. O'Reilly of Smethport, who is in Seville, Spain, in a recent letter to relatives tells of meeting the Young family, also of Smethport, who are travelling through that country, and reports that all are enjoying themselves.

—An interested party wishes us to state that Mr. James J. Biggins and Miss Mabel Marie Brown were married by Father Hamel in St. Marys church, Olean, N. Y., instead of at the home of the bride's parents as stated last week.

—Street Commissioner Mike Eagan went into commission Monday morning and about his first official act was to start the snow plow going. During this remarkable winter it has only been necessary to use the snow plow a few times.

—Isaac Arnett was arrested Monday by Constable E. W. Jones and brought before Justice B. L. Knapp. He pleaded guilty to the larceny of a revolver from his mother-in-law. In default of bail he was placed in jail to await trial.

—Baptist church service next Sunday: Morning worship at 10:45, Bible school at noon, Junior C. E. at 6:30 p. m. and evening worship at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening and Ladies' Aid on Friday afternoon. Rev. Day's subject for Sunday morning will be, "The Ministry of Endurance" and in the evening, "The Divine Magnet," to be an illustrated address. All are invited to attend the services.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid will give a cooked food sale on Saturday, March 17th, commencing at 2 o'clock, in the building on Main street recently vacated by Attorney J. N. Apple. Coffee will be served during the afternoon and evening.

—Charles Anderson, a woodsman, was killed at Johnsonburg one day last week by being struck by a train near the St. Charles Hotel. His body was badly mangled. He was about 40 years of age and had no near relatives in this country.

—Some delay was caused to passengers and freight trains on the Shawmut line by a landslide at Hid West Notch, three miles north of Bolivar on Monday night. Nearly 1,000 carloads of earth slid down on the track and completely covered it for some distance.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Francis Freeman of Cemetery street suffered a slight stroke of paralysis Tuesday. The MINER is informed by Dr. Burg Chadwick, the attending physician, that Mr. Freeman's condition is such as to give strong hopes for his eventual recovery, which is cheering news to the many friends of this worthy citizen.

—Trapian Reid, the colored man on whom a new nose is being engrafted, has gone to his home from the hospital and is in a favorable condition. Later he will return to the hospital and have work of the surgeon completed, when an additional piece of flesh is to be attached to the parts under treatment.—Bradford Era.

—Owing to the fact that considerable important news matter came into our hands this morning we are compelled to hold over a very interesting partial report of the meeting of the McKean County School Directors' Association which is being held here yesterday and to-day. We will have a complete report in our next issue.

—In last week's issue of the MINER, through a misunderstanding, the statement was made that Holmes & Gilfillan had sold their wagon making business. It has since been learned that it was only the horseshoeing business that was disposed of. The firm will continue their wood working department with greatly increased facilities.

—After the body of Brewster was taken from the scaffold Tuesday, the large iron doors of the jail yard were opened and people poured into the enclosure. The majority made a dash for the box which contained the bricks used as a weight, and in a few minutes every brick had disappeared. These were certainly gruesome souvenirs.—Potter Democrat.

—Roy Carter of Smethport, who has been stopping at the Old City House for some time, was taken suddenly ill yesterday morning at the hotel and removed to the hospital in Still's ambulance. Dr. Stewart was called and found that the patient had symptoms of appendicitis but last night he was reported as resting comfortably at the hospital.—Bradford Era.

—J. W. Mellander of Mt. Jewett got one year in jail and a fine of $100 for beating his wife last week in the McKean county court.—Austin Autograph. Brother Caskey is a trifle mixed. Judge Bouton is not the kind of a man to allow any man to beat his wife in the McKean county court. Mellander beat his wife near Mt. Jewett and received his punishment from the court.

—The Burke McCann Repertoire Co. will open a three nights' engagement at the Lyceum commencing next Monday evening. This company gave excellent satisfaction at their appearance here last November and will no doubt get good patronage upon their return engagement. The bill for Monday evening is, "Mr. Kearney from Killarney" and the prices are 10, 20 and 30c.

—Lawrence Hopper, a popular Shawmut engineer, who with his wife and family have made Smethport their home for the past six years, are moving to their new home in Mt. Jewett this week. During their residence in Smethport the family have made many warm friends, who wish them prosperity in their new home. Mt. Jewett is to be congratulated on the acquisition of these estimable residents.

—Services in St. Luke's next Sunday (third Sunday in Lent) as follows: Morning prayer, litany and sermon at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening prayer and sermon at 7:30. The anthem in the evening will be "The Story of the Cross," by Custance. On Wednesday there will be litany at 9 a. m. and children's service at 4:15 p. m. On Friday, March 23, litany at 9 a. m. and evening prayer and address at 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, next Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dan M. Sheehan moved to Mt. Jewett this week. Mr. Sheehan is a conductor on the P., S. & N. R. R. and his run is such now that it is more convenient to live in Mt. Jewett. Mr. Sheehan has resided in Smethport ever since the P., S. & N. commenced running passenger trains through here and his wife is a former Smethport young lady, and they have many pleasant associations in this place which they sincerely regret to leave and many friends will as deeply regret their departure for they are both most estimable young people.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Personal Mention.

Miss Anne Berg is in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. L. Hosmer visited Olean Saturday last.

Mrs. Elvira Chadwick departed for Buffalo yesterday.

Wm. Avery of Straight was a visitor in town Monday.

Scott F. Redfield returned Thursday from a visit to Georgia.

Asa Cory of Kent Hollow was a caller at this office Tuesday.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor Sunday.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison visited Bradford Tuesday.

Misses Rae and Ida Rubin are visiting friends in New York City.

Mrs. Julia Thornton returned Tuesday night from a visit in Bradford.

Mrs. B. F. Wright is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Powell, in Ridgway.

Mrs. F. H. Haggiville departed for Buffalo yesterday for a visit of several days.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman and daughter, Miss Ella, are visiting in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. Emily T. Camp and Miss Mabel Camp leave to-day for a week's visit in Buffalo.

Roy Stark returned Thursday last from a sojourn in Williamsport and Scranton.

Mrs. H. C. Dawson of Pittsburg is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Zeller.

Perry Smiley of Kendall Creek was a brief visitor in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove of West Main street.

Mrs. Margaret Rice and little daughter of Angelica, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin returned to her home in Austin last Saturday after a week's visit with relatives in town.

H. B. Millward of the Kane Leader passed some moments in the MINER office on Tuesday, pleasantly for the editor.

W. H. Gallup, F. D. Gallup, Orlo J. Hamlin, Dr. E. R. Baker and Leo Digel were among the Smethport people who attended the automobile show at Buffalo last week.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the ad man can see it.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE

THREE NIGHTS COMMENCING

Monday, March 19th

THE GREAT

BURKE-McCANN COMPANY

SUPPORTING

Wm. Francis Burke

AND

Geraldine McCann

In a Repertoire of High Class Dramas Augmented by a Contingent of

SUPERIOR VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS

Headed by the Famous

McCANN FAMILY

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

OPENING PLAY

Mr. Kearney from Killarney

Prices 10, 20 and 30c

Seats on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

At MONHEIMER'S

THREE

One Dollar Shirts

for

$1.00.

They are stylish, up-to-date goods, the regular LION BRAND one dollar grade. For one week only, 3 shirts at the price of one shirt.

You must come quick before others take all we've got at such a ridiculous low price.

SIZES: 14 to 18 1-2.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

Along with some new things we offer this week at HALF PRICE and LESS some spring purchases and odd lots of good merchandise for a quick clearance.

EMBROIDERED ROBES

An idea belonging to this spring particularly. They're made from White Lawns and Mulls, daintily trimmed with laces and embroideries. Skirts require only one seam and the band. Waist materials to match. Per set $3.75 to $17.50

Embroidered Waist Patterns

Embroidered and lace trimmed fronts of White Lawns with cuffs to match. Per set $1.00 $1.50 $2.00

GILT BELTS

Some handsome new things in these belts so popular just now. 25c and 50c

WAISTS. Half Price.

The remainder of the Nun's Veiling, Mohair and Albatross Waists, black, white and colors, sizes 32 to 40 at just half. $1.00 to $2.50

CORSETS

30 Jenbo Corsets, straight front, half-at hip, attached supporters, new $1.00 goods.

42 assorted styles "P. N.," "W. B.," "Puritan," "Flexibone," "Cresco" and "Glove Fitting" Corsets. Odd lots $1 and $1.50 goods. Choice 68c. Sizes 18 to 28.

78 latest style Jean Corsets, medium length. Regular price 50c. Choice 28c. Sizes 18 to 27.

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS.

Brick, Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster,

Sewer Pipe, Ruberoid Roofing,

Wagon Repairing, Carriage Painting,

Custom Sawing.

Cash paid for good merchantable logs.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

Emperor and Puritan **20c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Pocketbooks and Penitence

By MARY BOWMAN

Copyright, 1905, by Beatrix Reade.

"It ain't any part of *my* duty to search people," defended the conductor, "and the officer says he won't."

"Then I shall search these people myself," snapped the old lady. "Not ten minutes ago I paid my fare out of that purse and no one has left the car since. It must be here, I tell you. I insist that you find it."

The policeman looked about the car hopelessly. Douglas spoke up.

"I think," he said quietly, "that the quickest way to get rid of this nonsense will be for the rest of us to permit ourselves to be searched. I am sure none of us will object. There is merely a mistake somewhere. Here, officer, do your duty."

He stepped forward and with rapid movements the policeman emptied his pockets. The other four men in the car followed his example. Then an expectant hush fell over the passengers. There remained only the five women, who, with the excited complainant, comprised the passengers. Four of them stepped forward.

"I'll let any woman in the crowd search me," she said. The woman who had lost her purse pounced upon her and with eager fingers pawed over her gown, emptied her purse upon the seat and fumbled the things out of her hand satchel.

"Next!" she called as she left her victim to replace her belongings as best she might.

Three other women came forward in turn, submitting with no good grace to the examination, but the last one sat quietly in her seat.

"I do not propose to be searched," she said quietly. "You have no right to do so and it is absurd to suppose that I could have taken your purse. I have sat in this corner ever since I entered the car, and I have not been near you. I refuse to permit you to touch me."

"You see," exclaimed the complainant triumphantly, "I knew it would not be difficult to locate the guilty one."

"I never saw your purse!" cried the girl in the corner. "I have no need to steal purses. Officer, here is my card. You must know my father by reputation."

"I can't help it, miss," said the officer, "All the others have been searched, and if you refuse to submit"—

He stopped short. The girl had burst into tears.

"Look here!" cried Douglas. "Stop this thing. I took the purse."

The others turned with one accord toward him. "I took it," he repeated defiantly. "Officer, do your duty."

The policeman laid his hand upon his arm, but the owner of the purse burst out in protest.

"Give me back my purse!" she cried. "I will not let you take him away until I get my purse."

"Have to keep it to use as evidence," was the short explanation. "Come around to the Fifty-ninth street station to make complaint. I can't wait here any longer. Come on." He renewed his hold upon Douglas, but his way was blocked by the woman.

"At least I insist that you count the money in my presence," she demanded. "I have that right."

"All right," said the policeman in a tired voice. "Give it up, young fellow."

"I haven't got it," stammered Douglas, to whom this was a very unexpected turn. "I—I dropped it."

"Where did you drop it?" asked the officer. "In your pocket?"

"Where the window drops down," explained Douglas more glibly. "You can find it when the car gets to the stables."

"I want it now," persisted the victim. "I insist that it be given me at once."

One of the men leaned over the ledge at the back of the seat. There was a space of about two inches between the window sill and the back of the seat, where the sash was dropped in pleasant weather.

"This is where you were sitting," he called, "but I've hanged if I can see it."

The victim made a rush for the window and began to poke energetically into the space with her umbrella, but without result. The policeman stirred uneasily. "I can't hold up this car all day," he announced. "You go on to the stables and come over to the station house with it."

"That's what!" echoed the inspector, who had come up. "There's fifty cars tied up behind. Keep 'em moving."

The policeman turned to go, but just then one of the women passengers sprang toward the woman who was kneeling upon the seat busy with her fishing. "There's your purse now!" she cried as she pulled aside the skirts of the long cloak the victim was wearing. "It slipped down inside, and the chain caught on the braid. It must have been there all the time."

"Then why did this man cause me all of this excitement?" demanded the victim, turning in her majesty to confront Douglas.

He went red for a moment, and the policeman took a firmer hold upon his club. "I thought it might stop all this fooling," confessed Douglas. "And you see, I'm a story writer, and I wanted to see how it felt to be arrested."

"I've a good mind to let you see how it feels to be pinched for disorderly conduct," began the policeman, but there was a quick, unseen transfer of something from Douglas' pocket to the officer's palm, and the threat died away in a benign, "Let this be a lesson to you," as the officer climbed off the car.

There were many curious glances directed toward Douglas, but he met them calmly and stared politely but placidly at the girl in the far corner.

He rose when she did and left the car at the far crossing, but he lingered at a drug store window, and it was not until the girl was halfway down the block that he caught up with her.

"Bessie!" he cried, "won't you speak to me? I only got in last night and was on my way up here when you got on the car. Is there still no hope for me?"

"Do you think you deserve forgiveness," she asked, "when you make yourself so conspicuous on the car?"

"It was for your sake," he said softly.

"The idea of telling people," she went on, ignoring his last remark, "that you were an author looking for experiences!"

"I had to have some sort of excuse," he defended, "and that was the best I could do on the spur of the moment."

"What did you want to do it for, anyhow?" she demanded.

"To prevent you from being searched," he explained. "I was afraid that some one in the crowd might have slipped the purse to you in the excitement. They do that sometimes."

"Dan Douglas," she demanded, coming to a stop and facing him, "do you mean to tell me that was why you took the blame?"

"Yes," he said quietly.

"After the horrid way I treated you?"

"That made no difference."

"But I told you I would never speak to you again."

"I knew it. I was afraid you meant it too."

"Do you know," she said, fumbling with the catch of her shopping bag, "I think I will show you why I did not want to be searched."

The bag was open now, and she drew from it a leather case. He caught it from her hands.

"My picture!" he cried. "You have carried it right along? Even after you said you no longer loved me?"

"That was because I was jealous," she explained. "But I would have gone to jail then rather than have let you see that I still cared. I knew you would see it if she searched me."

"I am glad I didn't," he smiled. "I should have been tempted to kiss you right then and there."

"We are almost home," she said ambiguously.

The Tiger and the Goat.

A tiger once invited a goat to dinner. The goat was tickled to death at the notice of the noble beast and wore his spike tailed coat and link sleeve buttons in token of his appreciation. "Can I help you to some of this venison steak?" the tiger asked the goat very cordially. The goat did not eat venison steak, but he dissembled very cleverly and preserved a smiling exterior. "My *physician*," he *protested*, "positively forbids venison steak." There was nothing else on the table, and the poor goat was compelled to sit idly by while the tiger devoured a hearty repast. But the goat was not disposed to deprive himself of the sweets of revenge. He accordingly pressed the tiger to dine with him the following evening. "Can I help you," sweetly inquired the host, "to some of this stewed tomato-cans, with brown paper sauce?" "No, thank you," rejoined the tiger, "my doctor forbids." "So sorry," murmured the goat in secret glee. "I fear you will have only an unsatisfactory meal." "Oh, I *shall* do very well," *protested* the tiger. Whereat he fell upon and devoured the goat himself. "Alas," exclaimed the latter with his dying breath, "I was too funny!" This fable teaches that it is perfectly proper to take an insult from some people without resenting it. It is all a matter of judgment.

Fully Armed.

A good story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment stationed at Aldershot. One day he was on guard duty and was slowly stepping up and down when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said:

"Let me see your rifle."

The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of deepest disgust:

"You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?"

The young fellow turned pale and putting his hand in his pocket drew out a big knife and, preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"Gi' me that rifle or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute."

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.—Pearson's Weekly.

M. P.'s at Sixteen.

It does not seem very clear at what period the legal age for members of parliament was fixed at twenty-one. It is, however, certain that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. boys of sixteen and seventeen occupied seats in the house of commons. The poet Waller took his seat as an M. P. before he was seventeen. Charles James Fox took his seat at eighteen and Chesterfield before he came of age. This, however, was clearly irregular, because it is recorded that Chesterfield was threatened with a penalty of £500 for sitting and voting in parliament while under the legal age if he did not cease his attacks upon the government. Lord John Russell also sat before he was twenty-one, and he seems to have been the last of the parliamentary minors. An act of William III., passed in 1696, made the election of a person under twenty-one void, but the act was not very stringently enforced.—London Standard.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

CONDEMNED AS FOOD

NEARLY EVERYTHING WORTH EATING HAS BEEN UNDER A BAN.

From the Days of Adam There Has Been Not Only Forbidden Fruit, but Forbidden Meats and Vegetables. The Peculiar Belief of "Totemism."

From the days of Adam and Eve to the present time there has been not only forbidden fruit, but forbidden meats and vegetables. For one reason or another people have resolutely refused to eat any and all kinds of flesh, fish, fowl, fruits and plants. Thus the apple, the pear, the strawberry, the quince, the bean, the onion, the leek, the asparagus, the woodpecker, the pigeon, the goose, the deer, the bear, the turtle and the eel—these, to name only a few eatables, have been avoided as if unwholesome or positively injurious to health and digestion.

As we all know, the Jews have long had a hereditary antipathy to pork. On the other hand, swine's flesh was highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks and Romans. This fact is revealed by the many references to pig as a dainty bit of food. At the great festival held annually in honor of Demeter roast pig was the plece de resistance in the bill of fare because the pig was the sacred animal of Demeter. Aristophanes in "The Frogs" makes one of the characters hint that some of the others smell of roast pig. Those people undoubtedly had been at the festival known as the Thesmophoria, and had eaten freely of roast pig. Those who took part in another great religious festival, known as the Eleusinia, abstained from certain food and, above all, from beans.

Again, as we all know, mice are esteemed in China and in some parts of India, but the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Jews abhorred mice and would not touch mouse meat. Rats and field mice were sacred in old Egypt and were not to be eaten on this account. So, too, in some parts of Greece the mouse was the sacred animal of Apollo, and mice were fed in his temples. The chosen people were forbidden to eat "the weasel and the mouse and the tortoise after his kind." These came under the designation of unclean.

But people have abstained from eating kinds of flesh which could not be called unclean. For example, the people of Thebes, as Herodotus tells us, abstained from sheep. What is the matter with mutton chops? Then, the ancients used to abstain from certain vegetables. Indeed, the Romans sneered at those Egyptians who did not dare to eat onions, leeks or garlic, and yet the Romans themselves were superstitious about what they ate or what they should avoid eating.

In his "Roman Questions" Plutarch asks, "Why do the Latins abstain strictly from the flesh of the woodpecker?" In order to answer Plutarch's question correctly it is necessary to have some idea of the peculiar custom and belief called "totemism." There is a stage of society in which people claim descent from and kinship with beasts, birds, vegetables and other objects. This object, which is a totem, or family mark, they religiously abstain from eating. The members of the tribe are divided into clans or stocks, each of which takes the name of some animal, plant or object, as the bear, the buffalo, the woodpecker, the asparagus, and so forth. No member of the bear family would dare to eat bear meat, but he has no objection to eating buffalo steak. Even the marriage law is based on this belief, and no man whose family name is Wolf may marry a woman whose family name is also Wolf.

In a general way it may be said that almost all our food prohibitions spring from the extraordinary custom generally called totemism. Mr. Swan, who was a missionary for many years in the Kongo Free State, thus describes the custom: If I were to ask the Yeke people why they do not eat zebra flesh, they would reply, "Chijiko"—i. e., "It is a thing to which we have an antipathy," or, better, "It is one of the things which our fathers taught us not to eat." So it seems the word "bashilanga" means "the people who have an antipathy to the leopard;" the "bashakimba," "those who have an antipathy to the dog;" and the "bashilanjanzu," "those who have an antipathy to the elephant." In other words, the members of these stocks refuse to eat their totems, the zebra, the leopard and the elephant, from which they take their names.

The survival of antipathy to certain foods was found among people as highly civilized as the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans. Quite a list of animals whose flesh was forbidden might be drawn up. For example, in old Egypt the sheep could not be eaten in Thebes, nor the goat in Mendes, nor the cat in Bubastis, nor the crocodile at Ombos, nor the rat, which was sacred to Ra, the sun god. However, the people of one place had no scruples about eating the forbidden food of another place, and this often led to religious disputes and bad blood.

Among the vegetables tabooed as food by the Egyptians may be mentioned the onion, the garlic and the leek. Lucian says that the inhabitants of Pelusium adored the onion. According to Pliny, the Egyptians used to swear by the leek and the onion. Juvenal pokes fun at those who thought it a sin to eat them. He exclaims, "Surely a very religious nation and a blessed peace where every garden is overrun with gods!"

The survivals of totemism among the ancient Greeks are very interesting. Families named after animals and plants were not uncommon. One Athenian genus, the Ioxidæ, had for its ancestral plant the asparagus. We may be sure that this plant was tabooed as food to every man, woman and child of the Ioxidæ.—New York Post.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

IN HIGH LATITUDES.

Where You Can Read Print at Night Without Artificial Light.

I have, on the 1st of June, in Denmark, latitude 57 deg., read the newspaper in my bedroom at 10:30 p. m. without the aid of a candle. While I read the villagers played skittles in the alley under my window, and beyond the bonny chestnut trees of the garden, with clots of starlings on their bare top boughs, the sky was still crimson and gold in the west, with the long, woolly lines of vapor only just beginning to swathe the land like a blanket. On the other side of the inn the traffic was as vigorous then as at noonday. Carriers' carts creaked up to the door, and dray loads of squeaking pigs made other music than the lark's. Double chaises, with cushions of red or green velvet and half a dozen happy villagers to each (the men all with great china bowled pipes in their mouths), swung lazily by, raising a dust, and the lowing of troubled cows and calves came as much from the road as from the illimitable meadow beyond attached to the historical old manor house (now a mere dairy farm), whose buildings were quite concealed by the tall trees that girdle them.

The inn damsels, sewing girls, kitchen maids, the daughters of the house and a friend or two had now set aside all the cares of the day and were rolling each other about on the dewy grass under the chestnut trees like so many lambkins, and the landlady with the immeasurable waist, who by day held all the maids leashed to their respective tasks with inflexible yet not unkind severity, stood in the doorway, with her fat beringed fingers in her yielding sides and disturbed the starlings periodically with her stentorian peals of laughter at the antics of her dependents. Yet at 5 o'clock the next morning, with her own rhadamanthine hand, she will pull the bellrope that shall waken each lass, and by 6 the establishment will be again in a normal state of activity. As for the worthy landlord, he is haymaking until 11 p. m., and it will be odd if he is not up before his dame wakes every soul in the house with her call bell.—Cornhill Magazine.

A GOOD ACTOR.

How a Famous French Advocate Won a Hopeless Murder Case.

Maitre Lachaud, the famous advocate, was perhaps the greatest master of comedy in France, and not a few eminent actors envied him his marvelous powers of mimicry. He was once employed to defend a murderer, against whom the facts were hopelessly clear.

When his pathetic appeals and his tears, which were always at call when he pleaded before a country jury, failed to touch his stolid audience, he resorted to the most impudent piece of trickery. Thrusting his moistened white handkerchief into his pocket, he demanded if the jurors were men, if they had human hearts, if they could bring themselves to condemn a fellow man like the accused, whom he had credited with all sorts of chivalrous if not saintly merits.

His eloquence was not merely fruitless, but the jury responded to it at first with uneasy shuffling, then with biting lips, and finally with loud and uncontrolled bursts of laughter. Lachaud, while flinging about his hands, had intentionally dipped his fingers into the great inkpot in front of him, and as he drew his right hand across his forehead, as if in agony of despair at the certain fate of the accused, he left upon his brow an enormous black mark like a crescent moon and drew two other black traces down his cheeks as he put his fingers to his eyes to dash away the tears.

Feigning high moral indignation at their conduct, he continued: "You are about to decide whether one of your fellow men shall be thrust by you out of the ranks of the living, and you choose such a moment for indulging in crime and thoughtless laughter. Is this extravagant mirth a fitting mood in which to decide whether a man shall or shall not die?"

The argument actually told upon the jury. The man was acquitted.—Paris Journal.

Ancient Dress Still Worn.

In the little town of Munsiedel, in Bavaria, there exists one of the most curious charitable foundations in the world. One of the burghers, Christopher Wanner, died in 1451 and left his fortune for the establishment of a home for aged poor. He attached, however, the condition that every old man who was taken in should wear his beard and the same cut of clothes and cap as he himself used to wear; consequently the ancient pensioners are still to be seen wandering about the streets of Munsiedel in the costumes of the fifteenth century.

Imaginary.

"Father," said the little boy, "every now and then I hear you talking about somebody who was old enough to know better."

"Yes, my boy."

"What age is that, father?"

And the old gentleman after some thought replied:

"My son, there isn't any such thing. It's like the golden age—purely mythological."

Knew the Gossip.

"Why do you keep such an inefficient servant as that and pay her such high wages?"

"My dear, she has been a maid in every family of prominence in our set."—Baltimore American.

The Koran forbids true believers to destroy the vines, palm trees, fruit trees, corn and cattle even of their worst enemies.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

SPEED OF ANIMALS.

The Greyhound Leads Followed by the Horse and the Red Deer.

The following letter comments on the relative speed of animals mentioned in the section Field:

The fastest animal we have is the greyhound. The next are the race horse, the red deer and the hare, and last of all the good, big, bold dog which is a fine killer on good going. In comparison with any of these the fastest foxhound on record for fast is as slow as a man going for haymaking. But if you call after a fox and he will turn. The rules do not hold good. For fine open high clods, when hounds can't run at all, hence you get a day, takes care not to go fine, and keeps grey hounds are kept she hobbits in her form keep the fence of a big fallow that will carry a horse, and be quicker to get going. You anything as a sporting bird. to keep you busy, but you keep your eye because the hounds are in sight. The hounds are following the red deer, the speed of them is about Hunter, though not pure, may be faster, but speed combined with be made for the exception of a good horseman, who gallops exhausting the ground which the deer plods through.

A run of eight miles within the hour, in either of the three wet, wintry months, would leave the body of the field behind, but it would be easy to a rolling man on a galloping horse when the March winds have dried the country and the obstacles are only ordinary.

Unappreciated Demonstration.

Small Brother—Marie, does your admirer stutter? Marie—No; of course not! What made you think of such a thing? Small Brother—Then why does he write "My dear, dear Marie?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. E. Bardsley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. Barnett.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Peirce, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dick, Meadville.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Cornell, Kane; J. M. McKinzy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy C. Hamlin, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Evanson, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; A. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lovell, Bristol and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Barnette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justice—Jesse K. Rice, E. C. Graves.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas., Sheridan Gordon, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chase, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Ives.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 488, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 393, meets every evening at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree at meeting of each month; 1st degree on second degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 34, meets 1st Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 163, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 331, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:45 p. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 1:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services in each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:00 p m week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
Trains Leave Smethport at
7:30 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K
11:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:05 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:00 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and DuBois via B R & P
6:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P
Trains Arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:40 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.
C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:35
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		3:55
Kane	7:30	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:26	5:08
	a. m.		
Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.			

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. M. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. R. S. BLAIR, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.
Effective Nov. 20, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:55	8:14	Hornellsville	Ar 8:30	5:50	
	6:55	8:26	Arkport	8:26	5:38	
			Hornell	Dp		
	6:47	8:20	Hornellsville Jc		5:14	5:37
	6:34	8:02	Canisteo		5:07	5:20
	6:20	7:48	Greenwoods		4:52	5:05
	6:10	7:40	Swains		4:48	5:10
	5:58	7:17	Birdsall		4:20	4:37
	5:50	7:08	Angelica		4:05	4:30
	5:30	6:50	Belfast		3:50	4:05
	5:15	6:45	Bolivar		3:00	3:23
5:40		12:05	Olean		2:02	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:38
7:15			Smethport			9:02
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:10
9:50		5:23	St. Marys		A 4:50	10:20
		10:07	Shawmut Jc		5:11	
		10:42	Rockwayville		11:30	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M			A M	P M
8:30	11:00	7:00	Wayland	A 10:35	3:05
8:38	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:28	2:58
8:50	11:18	7:52	Rogersville	10:22	2:40
9:47	11:15	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:36
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:23
			Burns		
4:11	11:41	7:53	Arkport	9:54	2:21
4:22	11:52	8:06	Hornellsville	A 9:40	2:10
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
f—leave; a—arrive; †—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OLEAN & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.15	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.15
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.22
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.36	0
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.33	2.37	9.21
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.54	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.07	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Goods'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dpv	Ar. 8.28	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
6.20	7.45	12.15	Ar	Dp	8.28	0.00
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.35
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.00	0	0	Cross Keys	0	0	0
2.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

When Lung Sing Whistled

By CLAUDE PAMARES

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Parcells.

The foreman at the Star ranch had come up to the house in the middle of the afternoon on some errand, and as he passed the cook house where Lung Sing was scouring his pots and pans he heard a sound that caused him to stop in his tracks and exclaim:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

Lung Sing was whistling. He had been cook at Star ranch for over a year and had never been heard to whistle before. Indeed, he never hummed, never smiled, never talked unless directly spoken to. He was put down as surly and cross-grained, but as he was a good cook and as none of the men cared a copper whether he talked or not he still held his place.

"What's the matter?" asked Colonel Spear's wife, who was mistress of the ranch, as the foreman finally reached the door.

"That heathen back there is whistling."

"Well, can't a heathen whistle?"

"There's no law against it, but Lung Sing has been here over a year, and this is his first toot. Wonder what has happened to chirk him up?"

"I can't say. I had him in here an hour ago and told him that he'd have to take the buckboard tomorrow morning and drive over to Pine Hill to meet Fannie Williams. She's coming on to stay with us a month or two, you know. They think something is the matter with her lungs, and the doctor has recommended this climate. The colonel has set to go over to Wolf Creek and, of course, the rest of you are busy."

"But—but I don't like the idea," said the foreman as he scratched his head.

"Why don't you?"

"Because Lung Sing is whistling. When a heathen whistles look out for him."

The woman laughed and turned away, and a minute later the foreman was walking off. He passed the cook house again and the Chinaman was still whistling softly to himself.

"He's at it again, and I'll bet he's up to some deviltry. I'll tell the boys to keep an eye on him."

Again and again he had raised the matter before a group of men, and Lung Sing was out of sight on the days when the [illegible] He was [illegible] by a word, and [illegible] this time [illegible] behind him, they [illegible] his mouth and began to whistle. Between whistles he grinned disdainfully.

An hour and a half prior he drove up to the little station of the plains, and when the train came in his passenger stepped from one of the parlor cars. Lung Sing welcomed her with a grunt. He grunted again as he put her baggage aboard the vehicle, and he put on a blank look as the station agent said to the girl:

"I suppose he's the cook over at the Star and they sent him because all the others were busy."

"Oh, I'll excuse him," laughed the girl as she settled herself. And next moment Lung Sing was driving away.

It was in June and the weather was cool and pleasant, and the girl almost forgot the man beside her as mile after mile was passed. Once or twice she was conscious that he was whistling, but as she didn't know whether Chinamen usually whistled or not she did not give the matter a second thought. She had been informed by letter that the drive from the station to the ranch house would not occupy over two hours at the farthest. That meant her arrival by noon. Her watch showed her when that hour had come round, but she could see no sign of civilization. In fact, she saw that the vehicle had left the road, such as it was, and was proceeding over the unmarked plains.

"Are we almost there?" she asked as she turned to Lung Sing and spoke for the first time since leaving the station.

"Lile while—lile while," he replied as he stared straight ahead.

"But how is it that you are off the road?"

"Road alle light."

A minute later the Chinaman was whistling. It wasn't the honest whistle of an American, but there was something hypocritical and deceiving about it. The girl had nothing further to say. The man would not have been sent if he hadn't been all right, and if he had left the track it was probably to take a short cut and reach the house all the sooner. It was not until her watch marked 1 o'clock and the vehicle was being driven among the scrub pines and cedars, along a stretch of foothills, that the girl turned and seized Lung Sing by the arm and exclaimed:

"I know you are not taking me to the ranch house! What do you mean by this?"

"Alle light—alle light," replied the Celestial as he hurried the horse forward.

"But it is not all right! Let me out at once!"

He seized her with one hand to hold her in the seat while he guided the horse with the other, but in the struggle the animal was reined into a tree, and the vehicle stuck fast. Then Lung Sing developed the plot that had been working in his brain ever since the moment he was told that he must drive over for the visitor.

With a fierce scowl on his face, in his pigeon English he ordered the girl to proceed in a certain direction. For-

ty rods beyond where she had left the buckboard there was a rocky bluff hidden under the cedars and in the bluff a cave of considerable dimensions. Upon entering the cave he tied the girl's hands and feet and then retraced his steps. The vehicle was backed off the brink of a gorge, the harness flung over it, and then the man led the horse into a thicket and cut its throat.

When he reappeared at the cave he unbound his victim and lay down on a flat stone at the mouth and told her his plans. He had heard of brigands and holdups and abductions. He had abducted her and would hold her captive until Colonel Spear was willing to come down with $5,000 in cash and promise not to set the law on his trail. He had been wondering for several years how he could make a grand coup, but fate had never irked him before. He knew the Chinese cook at Crescent ranch and through him could get provisions and open communication with the colonel. She would be well treated, but she would be held captive in the cave until results could be brought about.

Lung Sing rested on his right side and elbow as he told his story. The sun had got far in the west, and as it shone over the hill forming the roof of the cave it cast shadows down in front. As the story was finished, and it had been listened to without a word in reply, Lung Sing began to whistle. He had brought his plot safely thus far and felt that he had a right to whistle. As he whistled a new shadow appeared among the shadows. It fell upon the flat stone at the Chinaman's heels and was so clean cut that the girl drew in her breath at sight of it. She knew it for the head of a great cat. The head moved to and fro, and the ears worked backward and forward, and all the time the man lying there was whistling to himself. He may have wondered why the captive did not shed tears and appeal to his mercy, or he may have mentally praised her for the bold front she put on. She was ready enough to weep, and she would have appealed but for that shadow. It fascinated her and for the time being made her oblivious of her situation. Sometimes it disappeared for a moment, but always to reappear and to seem to grow larger and become more unheeding. By and by Lung Sing ceased to whistle and said:

"I like you up again and go away."

He had lifted himself off his elbow when there was a scream, a rustle in the hills rang, and a tawny body rolled on the recumbent Chinaman. A struggle with him for a moment, and then was gone from sight among the trees. The girl rose up and stared, but Lung Sing was gone as well. The leap of the cat had carried him as far as a stone, as it often carries a mouse.

"I didn't I tell you?" said the foreman of the Star ranch at midnight, [illegible] where the girl had been found wandering on the plains and [illegible] by a scrubbing pony. "It isn't in the nature of a Chinaman to whistle. He just sulks and grins. When you find him whistling look out for him, for there'll be mischief to pay in some shape."

Steelyards Still Popular.

"It beats me," said a clerk in a hardware store, "how the old fashioned steelyards hold their own. I can remember how popular they were with certain farmers' wives when I was a boy in the country and what a delight it was to me to be allowed to try my hand at weighing a roll of butter or a bag of wool. But even then the women and children were the only persons who seemed to take much stock in steelyards. The tradesmen who bought out produce very flatly said that the figures represented by steelyards not only could but did tell lies, and they proceeded to weigh all our stuff over again on scales that were supposed to have the quality of truthfulness.

"Up to the present day steelyards have had the reputation of being unreliable, but in spite of their ill repute people still buy them. Just why so many householders and tradesmen retain their fondness for an antiquated style of weighing machine when there are so many new and approved patterns on the market is a puzzle, but even though myself we keep a supply on hand for the benefit of those who stick to the old way of doing things."—New York Press.

Qualified to Practice.

When John Hay was crossing the Atlantic in 1865 on his way to Paris to serve as secretary of legation he told the following anecdote to one of his fellow travelers. On applying for admission to the bar of Illinois he was summoned to appear before a committee of prominent Chicago lawyers to be examined as to his qualifications.

He went to the place appointed and found the committee assembled, but for a long time they took no notice of the young candidate, but continued talking vigorously together on various subjects. At last one of the lawyers, turning to him, said:

"Mr. Hay, what would you do if a client should come to you with such a case as this?" and proceeded to describe very elaborately a complicated legal case.

"I should ask for a retaining fee of $50," promptly replied Mr. Hay, "and tell him to call tomorrow."

"Mr. Hay, you are admitted," said the gentleman, and with a hearty laugh from all present the proceedings closed.

Knew He Was Worshiped.

"In Paris Mr. Whistler and an English painter got into a very turbulent argument about Velasquez at a studio tea," said an artist. "Mr. Whistler at one point in the argument praised himself extravagantly. The Englishman, listening, sneered, and said at the end:

"'It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us.'

"'Isn't it, though?' said Mr. Whistler. 'I know, in my case, I should grow intolerably conceited.'"

LIFELESS RIDERS.

Thrilling Incidents Culled From the Horrors of War.

A veteran of the British army in India once saw a strange sight on a battlefield. As he tells the story a squadron of cavalry had been held in reserve under cover of a field battery and an infantry regiment. The artillery duel had ended. The assault of the enemy in overwhelming numbers had been repulsed by the steadiness of the infantry. While a cloud of smoke hung over the field the cavalry received an order to charge with drawn sabers.

The troopers started in close order for the enemy's line. Midway they met a destructive fire from earthworks in front of them and from the woods on their flank. A young cavalryman, with his saber drawn, was shot in the heart while leading in the first file. The horse halted, swerved to the right and turned back, but the rider kept his seat without clinching. The other troopers went on, carried the earthwork by storm, rode at full gallop after the retreating force and converted it [illegible] rout.

The dead trooper meanwhile was returning with white face and with the blood streaming from his wound. Under his nerveless hand the horse received neither check nor leading and made its own way toward the infantry, which was now advancing rapidly. As the smoke lifted the soldiers saw the solitary rider coming, with one hand in a death grip upon the saddle, while the other still held the sword rigidly clasped.

It was a sight never to be forgotten—the galloping horse, with the dead cavalryman still mounted and looking grim and fierce. It was not until the rider had gone fifty yards from the spot where he had been killed that he rolled off the horse.

A similar story is told of Captain Nolan, who delivered the fatal blundering order for the charge of the famous Light brigade. He was seen on the field of Balaklava riding from the hills where the staff officers were drawn up to the quarter where the brigade was stationed. The charge began and what was left of the brigade returned in broken groups.

At last Captain Nolan was seen galloping rapidly toward the center of the field. He was [illegible] straight as an arrow and [illegible] well. Suddenly the horse swerved and the rider toppled over.

The officers who were nearest rushed forward, but when they [illegible] them from the ground they found [illegible] Like the [illegible] he had been shot and instantly killed, but his horse had carried him safely across the field, out of the reach of the pursuing Cossacks.

The Minister's Parish.

Every clan of Scotch highlanders had its own tartan or striped colored cloth, of which the kilt and plaid were made. It is not so well known, however, that the clergy of the highlanders down to a recent date used a tartan for their workday dress. The tartan of the clergy, as it was called, was a sober cloth of white, black and gray stripes. Ministers who did not care to don the kilt almost always wore the plaid or mantle of this material. In the eighteenth century when the highlanders seldom went unarmed it was the custom of some clergymen to wear swords even at church and to be accompanied by a gillie, or servant, carrying a bow and sheath of arrows. Nothing could better illustrate the disturbed state of those times than this practice on the part of the men who were pre-eminently preachers of peace and universal good will.—Scotsman.

Old English Pence.

Halfpence and farthings were not coined in England before the time of Edward I., and until then the penny, which was then made of silver, was issued deeply indented with a cross in order that it might be broken into two pieces for halfpennies or into four things, or farthings. The silver penny was the first coin of the Anglo-Saxons struck in England. In 1672 an authorized coinage of copper pennies, halfpennies and farthings was established. Silver farthings ceased to be coined under Edward VI., and silver halfpennies under the commonwealth.

A Mother's Retort.

Dr. Breckinridge, a well known American clergyman, and his two brothers, also of the same profession, one day paid a visit to their mother.

"Do you not think, mother," said he, "that you ruled us with too rigid a rod in our boyhood? It would have been better, I think, had you used gentler methods."

The old lady straightened up and said, "Well, William, when you have raised up three as good preachers as I have, then you can talk!"

Horseless Carriages in 1645.

In one of the letters of Gui Patin, written in 1645, the learned bibliophile says: "It is true that there is here an Englishman, the son of a Frenchman, who proposes to make carriages that will roll from Paris to Fontainebleau without horses in a day. The new machine is preparing in the Temple. If it should succeed there will be a great saving of hay and oats, which are at present extremely costly."

Not So Terrible.

Physician—You lie awake in bed three or four hours every night? That is bad. I shall have to treat you for chronic insomnia. Caller (whose salary is $14 a week)—Er—no, doctor. I don't think it's as bad as that. I simply can't sleep.

Every Action Counts.

There is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled therefore, nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it.—Woman's Life.

The "Baby"

By EDWARD L. REGKARD

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastman.

Mr. John Lloyd suffered the guilt of an eavesdropper, and for the moment was deeply and regretfully conscious of his crime.

He mechanically removed from his mouth an unlighted cigar, and pressed his lips determinedly. There could be no mistaking the words spoken by Mrs. Melton's soft, anothesy voice. Mr. Lloyd stepped still on the stair case and deliberately listened.

"Martha is coming with the baby to-morrow on the 12 o'clock train from Albany," Mrs. Melton was saying. The subject of conversation recorded a source of information to Mr. Lloyd as plainly as if he were in the sitting room itself.

"And to stay a whole month!" cried Miss Edith, the one remaining member of the Melton family who as yet had escaped, through no fault of her own, the matrimonial halter. Mr. Lloyd liberated Miss Edith because she was in the house when he took up his residence with the Meltons a year ago. Next to babies, Mr. Lloyd abominated spinsters of certain age out of pure fear of their possible designs upon innocent and unsuspecting bachelors.

"They can have the big spare room, and—"

Mr. Lloyd did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence, spoken in Mrs. Melton's hearty tones. He stepped quietly out of the wide, old fashioned hallway into the twilight and moodily walked toward his law office, adjoining the court house, at the other end of the prosperous little county seat where he had won a name for himself in the few years he had resided in Blairville.

The spare room was across the hall from Mr. Lloyd's own ample and handsomely furnished sitting room. So Martha and the baby were to go in the spare room, were they? The doors were to hang, the baby was to bawl and all of the members of the household were to run up stairs and down again forty times an hour for eighteen hours a day and, from Mr. Lloyd's unsympathetic and pitifully deficient understanding as to babies, eighty-one hours a night, waiting on the baby, making life miserable for the stay boarder and supposedly delightful for everybody else? Not if John Lloyd knew it! He would return to the hotel in the village at which he had been a central figure until the day he had gone with the Meltons in their jog, nestling home on the hill among the maples. Hotel life had its drawbacks, but the proprietor had been engineered not to room doting mothers and feathery lunged infants within hearing of Mr. Lloyd's apartment.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Lloyd's silence and gloom were in marked contrast with the animated table conversation regarding the visitors who were to arrive that day. He had tried a dozen times during the meal to tell them that he was to give up his room and return to the hotel, but each time the words stuck in his throat. He finally decided that he would quietly return to the house during the morning, put his things in order and later send for them with a polite note of explanation of the suddenness of his departure.

True to his resolution, Mr. Lloyd crept into the house unobserved and placed his effects in some semblance of order for removal. With every sound from below he fancied he distinguished agonized squeals in infantile treble, mingled with the chorus of adult voices in soothing efforts to quiet the tempest. Warm and flustered for a dignified bachelor of thirty-five, Mr. Lloyd slipped down the side stairway out on the little porch to which led the short cut up the hill from the railroad station.

None of the family had observed his burglarious entrance or hasty exit, but shades of Blackstone, a woman was coming along the narrow path over the rear lawn, directly up to the little porch, a woman in a neat traveling gown and carrying a suit case!

"Caught!" groaned Mr. Lloyd aloud and he felt a hot glow of shame and vexation sweep over him. "Here's Martha, by all that has to do with babies, fat or lean, squealing or cooing!"

The feminine gender in the traveling gown parked at the foot of the stairs gazed in amazement at Mr. Lloyd's stern and heated features and displayed from beneath a big hat the rosy face of a very pretty girl. Mr. Lloyd had not seen her profile because of the hat, and now that it came into full view he looked again and did not remove his eyes from the roguish ones that sought his so inquiringly.

"Martha, I suppose?" he ventured impolitely, scarcely and audibly.

"Sir!" The red lips parted haughtily and the trim figure straightened perceptibly in the traveling gown at the strange salutation.

"You're not Mrs. Melton's sister, Martha, are you?" Mr. Lloyd's voice dropped out of hearing as suddenly as his courage.

"I'm not Martha," she answered sharply.

"To be sure you are," insisted Mr. Lloyd, very firmly. "Where's the—the baby?"

"The what?" cried the young lady wonderingly.

"The baby—Martha's baby. Where is he, she or it, or whatever you call 'em?" Mr. Lloyd was desperate, but, as boy babies and girl babies all looked alike to him, his mixture of gender was excusable.

An unmistakable girlish giggle of mirth rippled from the shadow of the big hat, and its owner let the suit case drop to the porch. It landed squarely on Mr. Lloyd's toe and brought the tears to his eyes.

"Why, Mr. Lloyd," she laughingly said as she stood for a moment on the threshold of the door taking him in from head to foot, striving to fix the identity of her mysterious cross examiner, "I am baby still, despite my advanced age and the centuries of futile protest at my mother's tender forgetfulness. Did I not do well for an infant"—this very saucily and boldly—"to travel way from Albany to Blairville all alone, only to meet a severe interlocutor barring the entrance to my aunt's home?"

"But Martha?" was all Mr. Lloyd could say.

"Is my mother, who will arrive to-morrow, I came alone. Does this satisfy you, Mr. Impertinence? Please remove your foot from beneath my luggage and carry it into the house. Babies, you know, must have attention and attendance."

Mr. Lloyd extracted his foot with alacrity, though he did not obey the command. He had fought and won many hard legal battles, but here was a golden opportunity to prove that there are times when discretion is the better part of valor. He fled, or, to be truthful, he hopped abruptly down the little path toward the village. As he collected his thoughts, being a good lawyer and a wise jurist, he decided to revise and to overrule his previous judgment as to babies.

"Girl babies eighteen years of age and upward, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and fluffy hair and saucy dimples," mused Mr. Lloyd, a smile playing round the corners of his mouth, "do not come within the purview of the precedents you have heretofore cited to support your case. Judgment is accordingly rendered for the infant defendant, with costs to the belligerent plaintiff. Case dismissed."

Mr. Lloyd returned to the Melton household to dinner as placidly as usual. As time progressed he learned whether his decision as to one girl baby in particular was to be affirmed by a higher court, from which there is no appeal.

Winter Fishing.

Winter fishing has one merit, which all true sportsmen will recognize—such absolute, considerable uncertainty. One day you may fish certain waters—whether deep or shallow, whether weedy or free—and, well nigh draw a blank, while the very next day the same waters will give rich, many returns. What is more strange is that not seldom on the same day there will be good sport in different depths and varying waters of the same lake of pond, and observation through the clear black ice of early winter or late autumn has convinced the writer that these lusty fishy moods of biting in winter are almost or quite independent of the movements of the schools of "bait" fish. About all that can be said on such points in the way of general suggestion is that winter fishing is usually better on a mild day than a cold one. Best of all during a genial thaw, that they take the bait more freely under thin ice—that is, in early winter—than after the ice has thickened, and that they appear to be quite unaffected by noise, such as the rumble of skates or the gentle thunder of the "settling" ice. It is certain that some of the best strings of a lifetime have been taken when the fun of skating could be joined with that of watching the lines.—Outing Magazine.

Old Mirror Superstitions.

The mistrust of the ghostly mirror is so old and so far spread that we meet with it in the folklore of every land. An old tradition warns us that the new moon, which brings us such good fortune when we look at it in the calm evening sky, carries a message of evil to those who see it first reflected in a looking glass. For such unlucky mortals it is said that the lunar virus distills slow poison and corroding care. And, again, it is declared that the friends who glance at their reflections standing side by side are doomed to quick dissension. In Scandinavia the Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candlelight is told that she risks the loss of her lover. One superstition in this connection that seems to be almost universal is that it is very unlucky for a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. If she be discreet she will turn away from that fair picture which pleases her so well and then draw on her glove or have some tiny ribbon, flower or jewel fastened to her gown that the soul fates may be appeased and evil turned away from the threshold.

Getting a Mexican Patent.

To procure a patent in Mexico the party making application, unless present in person, must furnish his representative with a letter of authority—carta de poder in Spanish—signed by himself or herself in the presence of two witnesses. Ordinarily legalization by a Mexican consul is not required. It must be borne in mind that one carta de poder will not answer for several applications, as each application for either patent or trademark must be accompanied by a separate carta de poder. This must be accompanied by a full and complete description and claims of and for the invention. If they are sent in Spanish ready for filing they must be in triplicate on clear white paper 330 by 215 millimeters, approximately 13 by 18½ English inches, written with typewriter on one side only of the paper, leaving on each sheet a left hand margin of one-fourth the width of the paper. Of course if they are not sent in Spanish the local representative attends to all the details, which is by far the better way. He should be furnished with full names, profession, citizenship and resident of applicant.

EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION.

Its Origin One of the Unsolved Enigmas of the World.

The origin of Egyptian civilization has been the enigma of the world for the past twenty-five centuries. Presenting no historic or even mythic infancy, it appears before the world at once as a highly civilized and organized community centuries before Moses was a boy. Upon this subject Renan says: "Egypt has no archaic epoch, but suddenly takes its place in the world in all its matchless magnificence, without father and without mother and as clear apart from all evolution as if it had dropped from the unknown heavens." Would not an explanation at least feasible be found in the hypothesis that it received its civilization from some source no longer existing? Mojes, the first historic figure in its long line of dynasties, the outlines of which, perhaps, loom up waveringly indistinct but grandly impressive against the deep mythic background of prehistoric story at least 4500 B. C., conceived and executed enterprises exciting the warmest admiration from the best engineers of the twentieth century. Did he not alter the course of the Nile by vast embankments to gain stable foundations other than in shifting sands for his sacred city of Memphis and construct the artificial lake of Moeris, 450 miles in circumference and 350 feet deep, as a reservoir for the waters of the Nile?

Look, too, at the colossal achievements of his successors in architecture, sculpture, engineering, astronomical, political, medical, social and military science, to say nothing of navigation and theology. Witness the ruins of the Labyrinth recorded by Herodotus which had 3,000 chambers, half of them above ground and half below, a combination of courts, chambers, colonnades, statues and pyramids. Witness the wonders of the magnificent temple of Karnak, which still awakens our admiration, a temple, as Lenormant says, wherein the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris could be set inside one of its halls and yet not touch the walls. Witness the sublime pyramids originally built in honor of the sun god Ra and for use as astronomical observatories, the splendors of Memphis, Thebes and Heliopolis, of the sphinx and the obelisks, the statuary and the numerous temples with the ruins of which the land is still filled.—Exchange.

CATCHING TURTLES.

Methods Used by the Fishermen of the Tropics.

Turtles are always captured at night and usually on moonlight ones. This is the time they go on the shore to lay their eggs. They select a smooth, sandy beach, dig holes in the sand, deposit their eggs, there and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sand. When the turtles are on shore for this purpose hunters come upon them, and they are easily overtaken, for turtles are slow in every. The hunters have not a very strenuous undertaking. All that is necessary to be done is to turn the turtles on their backs and leave them until the next day, when they are removed.

Another more curious way of catching turtles is by fishing by the remora, a fish found in the tropical waters. The popular name of this fish and the one by which the children of those countries call them is the sucking fish. This name is given to them on account of a disk on their heads, by which they can attach themselves to any smooth surface, like the side of a shark, a ship or the shell of a turtle. This disk is like the soft leather "suckers" that are popular with schoolboys. When this fish has once attached himself to anything you can pull him to pieces rather than force him to release his hold.

Turtle hunters go in boats and carry several of those remoras in tubs. When they see a turtle and get near him the sucker is sent after him. He is held by the ring on his tail, which in turn is attached by a stout cord. Soon the fish is securely fastened to the shell of the turtle, and turtle and fish are hauled into the boat together. Once in the air the remora loosens his hold and is dropped back into the tub to rest until another turtle is sighted.—Washington Star.

Govern Yourself.

Men and women often say they can't govern themselves. That is simply admitting they have defects of character which are their masters. They ought to make effort and see if they are not mistaken. The worst effects of lack of self control are on the health. It allows every kind of bad habit in eating, drinking, dressing and sleeping to gain possession of the person, and the result is a weak instead of a strong character.—Home Notes.

Red In Battle.

Red has always been a favorite military color. Its employment dates from the time of Lycurgus, the Spartan, who commanded his army to be arrayed in red tunics in order that new recruits might not be dismayed at the sight of blood. Its first use in the British army dates from 1526, when the yeomen of the guard were dressed in red.

Resemblances.

Fogg—I told Bass what you said—that he reminded you of a giraffe because he held his head so high. Fenderson—And what did he say? Fogg—He said you reminded him of an ass. Fenderson—Because why? Fogg—Because you are one, he said.

She Could Tell.

Wife—John, you've been drinking. Oh, I can tell. Husband—Well, don't do it, m'dear. Let'sh keep it a family shecret.—Philadelphia Ledger.

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but by the heart.—Pascal.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

Miss Grannis' Decision

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment

It is so fatally easy for a misunderstanding to arise.

Johnson, galloping swiftly through the long lane of overarching June green, was musing somewhat bitterly upon this fact. It was over a month now since he had seen Helen Grannis, a month which had done a great deal toward quickening a spark hitherto not entirely recognized into a vivid flame. He had tried to see her, but unsuccessfully, and now his thoughts were brooding, as so often before, over that last unfortunate meeting. Was she to blame, or she? Yet how could the fault be his?

Once again he went back mentally to the beginning—that day when he had telegraphed to ask if she would ride. They had often spoken of so doing, and this had been his first opportunity. The answer had been that she would be at the club at 4 o'clock. Johnson, promptness itself, reentered over from the stables at 4 precisely. There he waited. He waited until half after 4; he waited until a quarter of 5. There was no sign of Miss Grannis. At last reluctantly he rode toward the park, wondering what could have happened. The first person he met, walking her horse slowly down the main drive in the direction of the gate, was the girl herself, and with her, talking eagerly, was handsome Sinclair, the man of all others whom Johnson most detested.

For a moment Johnson had stared, really incredulous, unable to trust his eyes.

Then, with a formal lifting of his hat, he was past, the dark red mounting to his cheek and rage in his soul. Had she forgotten the engagement, or had she deliberately thrown him over for Sinclair—Sinclair with his millions, who could give her everything?

In the Sinclair Blackness prevented by the flash of jealousy Johnson realized for the first time how much this slender, dainty girl, with her pretty little air of stateliness, meant to him.

He had barely gone a mile before the impulse which had made him bow and pass on looked the height of ridiculousness. Of course there was some mistake. Why had he not stopped and asked? But, although he turned at once, it was too late; the two had vanished.

He had telephoned that night. Miss Grannis was out for dinner. He had called the next afternoon. Miss Grannis was not at home. He could not write, for there was nothing to say. One could not ask a lady why she had chosen to ride with another. The week after, when he tried calling once more, the house was closed. He found that the family had departed for their country place.

Johnson was in despair, but it was not entirely a bad thing for him; it taught him a lot.

As he turned in now at the Newlands place and dropped off his horse some one moving down by the tennis court suddenly brought his heart into his mouth. Could it be she? He knew that Miss Grannis and Ida Newlands were great friends. Was it possible she might be stopping here for a week end? With tingling pulses he went forward. It was—it was! And he might never have known! Somehow he managed to answer properly the greetings of Ida and the men grouped about, then he turned to Miss Grannis.

He was unreasonable enough to be disappointed when the girl gave him merely a conventional smile. He felt that he was the one with the right to be angry. Ida Newlands looked sharply at their both. She knew Helen Grannis well enough to divine that something had occurred.

Now, as she saw Johnson, after a moment, turn aside, her nimble wit leaped to a sudden guess at the truth. And as she caught Johnson's flush as Sinclair came across the lawn her conviction deepened. But what could be done? In the last month Sinclair had been pushing his advantage hard. She knew that Helen was wavering. Ida did not fancy Sinclair; it was her brother who had asked him today. And she did like Johnson. With a swift inspiration she jumped to her feet.

"Let's have some tennis!" she exclaimed. "Helen, I will challenge you and Mr. Johnson to try to beat Mr. Sinclair and myself. Here's your racket," pretending not to see the girl's reluctance. It was the only way she could think of to bring them together.

Johnson could put up a strong game. He was tall, with long legs and arms that seemed to cover every corner of the court. And Helen had a clean, telling stroke. Sinclair, however, was no mean adversary. They would have to play up. But Johnson was not thinking of tennis. This was his chance. He must make the most of it before she joined that chattering group. As he brought the balls to Miss Grannis for her service he looked down at her for a moment.

"Why did you not come to the club that day?" he asked abruptly. "I waited and waited"—

"Waited!" echoed the girl. "Why"—

"Ready!" interrupted Sinclair, and Helen flashed a ball over the net. Johnson, his heart beginning to beat fast, tightened the grip on his racket. There had been surprise, unmistakable surprise, in Helen's eyes.

"Did you not expect me to meet you at the club?" he demanded as they changed courts.

"You lost that point," was the impatient response. "No, of course not. I always mount at the park entrance."

"But the maid said"—persisted Johnson.

"Then the maid was mistaken. Ah, be careful," as he nearly missed a returned ball.

A strange desire not to be beaten had suddenly sprung to life in her breast. They must win this set. She and Johnson. They must not be beaten by Sinclair. She looked across the net at his red, rather heavy face. Could she marry him? Her family had hoped for it. He was a splendid match, of course—and yet—what did Harry Johnson mean by asking why she had not come to the club? She had told the maid to say that she would be at the park entrance and then to telephone the club for her horse.

"Waited there an hour," said Johnson. "And then to meet you coming out of the park—with another man! What could I think?"

"Ah!" said the girl, with a quick indrawn breath. Couldn't he have known that she was only walking her horse up and down while she waited? The meeting with Sinclair had been pure chance. She, too, had waited, growing more and more annoyed with the awkward position in which she found herself; annoyed also by Sinclair's veiled remarks upon Johnson's rudeness, his polite wonder, and then to have Johnson appear, raise his hat and pass on! The girl bit her lip again at the memory.

Then suddenly as she caught the look in his eager, upturned eyes her own softened. After all, he had a bad time too. And all through that stupid Marie's having the messages confused. With an impulsive gesture she turned.

"The play!" she exclaimed. "We must get this set."

Sinclair, rather sulky at being forced to play on a hot afternoon, had hitherto not chosen to exert himself, letting the games go to his adversaries; but now he was beginning to be interested. If they were to win Johnson must concentrate. And Johnson, all at once infected by something in the girl's manner, straightened himself. The other side should not win a single game. Love three, love four! Sinclair, subtly aware of an unwonted tension in the air, strove his utmost, unavailingly. Johnson, his mouth shut hard, played as though muscled with steel. Love five! Helen was breathless, her lips parted. Love six! Set!

With a great sigh Johnson faced her.

"We've won!" he whispered exultingly. Just loud enough for her to hear. Helen's eyes unfathomable, glanced for a moment across at Sinclair—Sinclair with his millions. Then the sweetest, tenderest smile carrying her mobile mouth she lifted her face to Johnson.

"Yes," she said softly, "a love match."

Mines of Mammoth Bones.

At some time in the distant past a remarkable state of affairs existed in what are now the bleak arctic regions of Siberia. At the time of which we speak the climate must have been comparatively mild, for thousands and hundreds of thousands of huge animals, mostly of the elephant type, roamed up and down the valleys of what are now frozen polar rivers. In the midst of their innocent happiness a sudden and awful change came. Some philosophers say that the earth "fell out of balance" and tilted thousands of miles to the north. Whatever the cause, fierce winter almost instantly swept over the land of the mastodon and the mammoth and overwhelmed the great beasts in huge snowdrifts from which they could not extricate themselves. In the course of time these huge banks of snow were transformed into great mountains of ice, and today specimens of the great hairy mammoth may be found that are as fresh as when they were frozen in thousands of years ago. In some places along the Lena river the bluffs are perfect mines of mammoth bones.

The Change That Was Wrought.

The little man was explaining to his audience the benefits of physical culture. "Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" "What change?" said a voice from the audience. There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out. "Will the gentleman who asked 'What change?' kindly step up here?" he called suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. That's right!" Then, getting the witty gentleman by the neck: "When I first took up physical culture I could not even lift a little man. Now (suiting action to words) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags!" And finally he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument, and that I have not hurt this gentleman's feelings by my explanation." There were no more interruptions.

Saints and Disease.

The good St. Anthony owes scarcely more of his fame, probably, to his temptations than to the association of his name in popular speech with a disease. Erysipelas, known as the "sacred fire" before the eleventh century, owes its later name of "St. Anthony's fire" to the tradition that those who invoked the saint during a terrible epidemic of that time were cured. A complete list of complaints, thus linked with the names of saints would be very curious. Neuralgia in the jaw is St. Apollonia's disease, sore throat or quinsy St. Blase's, colic St. Erasmus', cancer St. Giles' and hydrophobia St. Hubert's. Epilepsy is either St. Aventin's disease or St. Mathurin's or St. John's evil. Insanity is St. Dymphna's disease and drunkenness St. Martin's evil.—London Chronicle.

The Father of Science.

Hippocrates is looked upon by anatomists as the father of the science. He died in 377 B. C. The modern science began in Italy in the thirteenth century. The first anatomical plates, designed to show the size and relative position of the bodily organs, were prepared and colored by Titian. All the great painters and sculptors have been careful students of anatomy. Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci were noted for their anatomical researches.

His Experience.

First Artist—But you love art for its own sake? Second Artist—Why, yes. I'm coming to the conclusion that that's all there is in it.—Brooklyn Life.

HOSPITAL RELICS.

Odd Things to Be Seen in a Great London Establishment.

If the reader can imagine the cure of every one of the 5,995,000 to 6,000,000 persons living in London of some ailment or disease he holds in his mind's eye a true picture of the vast work done by Guy's hospital since its foundation. The south sea bubble, like many another financial catastrophe, ruined thousands of citizens, but it enabled Thomas Guy, who sold his investments in the stock to the great advantage of other people as well as himself to found the institution which bears his name and to restore to health down to the present time over 5,000,000 human beings.

Among the many curiosities exhibited in the famous museum at Guy's is a large piece of cardboard bearing the remnants of thirty-five pocketknives, which were swallowed by an American sailor. His name was John Cummings, and he was admitted to the hospital in 1822. A small book, containing also the manuscript of the printed copy, narrates the particulars of this remarkable case, and it may be perused by the privileged visitor to Guy's.

It appears that Cummings, during a spree ashore challenged the feats of a conjuror who had made a pretense of swallowing knives. Encouraged by his drunken comrades, the sailor actually swallowed an opened pocketknife, to the amazement of the conjuror. Feeling no immediate pain, he put five other knives out of sight in the same way. In two years' time he had, in the course of his drunken bouts, shown sufficient bravado to enlarge his internal armory by twenty-nine additional knives. When, after his foolishness had brought him to the hospital and subsequently to his grave, a postmortem examination was made the thirty-five knives were removed from his stomach by the amazed surgeons.

These interesting relics are exhibited among others in the surgical classroom, whither the students return from the dissecting room to correct their impressions. Close by is another interesting object, a glass case containing a number of what appear to be illuminated parchments. The gruesome nature of these exhibits grows upon the visitor when he learns that they are simply patches of tattooed human skin preserved in spirits. The inscription upon each enables one to trace the occupation and character of the unfortunate patient from whom it was taken. One was a colored sailor, a native of Africa. On some twelve square inches of his skin is worked an artistic representation of the most brilliant plumaged birds known in the tropics.

Guy's anatomical wax models are said to be the finest in the world. One of these is extremely valuable, the hospital authorities having refused the sum of £5,000 offered for it by a foreign medical celebrity. It is an absolutely perfect model of the upper extremity of the body, showing every muscle, gland, vein, nerve and artery. It took Joseph Towne, a clever demonstrator at Guy's, fully two years to make it, but with him in 1879 also died the secret of the process by which the wonderful construction of the human body was reproduced in wax with such marvelous fidelity.—London Standard.

PLANETARY VITALITY.

Earthquakes Can Take Place Only on Living Globes.

A moonquake is now unthinkable, because the moon is almost as dead as a doornail. Our satellite is never foreshadowing our own ultimate doom, like a mummy at Egyptian Luxor, but in the meantime, if [illegible] has correctly elucidated the headlong of seismology, the inhabitants of earth may console themselves by recollecting that they demonstrate the vitality of our planet. In that distant past when the moon actually quaked and may—some scientists declare there must—have had its fountains of animation upon its surface. Though the moon, by reason of its smaller size, was found to lose its atmosphere at a comparatively early stage, it must have taken millions of years to do so, and there must have been time in the cycle of life, from the primeval ooze up to the highest lingering plant life, to run its full circle." The writer in the Edinburgh Review continues to develop his line of thought:

"Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of development. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stress to which they are due, nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Inchoate worlds, such as Jupiter and Saturn, are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating concussions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when exterior solidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment, so long as the areal distribution of loads fluctuates and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief.

"Our globe is by its elasticity kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and not otherwise maintained. The alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a bending inward or an arching outward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reactions the planet itself shows itself to be alive, and seismic thrillings are the breaths it draws."—Current Literature.

The Answer.

"Why should we cast our bread on the waters?" asked the Sabbath school teacher.

"Becuz dey'll arrest youse fer t'rowin' scraps in de street," was the knowing response of little Mickey Flynn.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To avert a sneeze press the upper lip against the teeth with the forefinger.

A PECULIAR NUMBER.

SOME RATHER CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE NUMBER SEVEN.

Remarkable Demonstrations of the Potentiality of This Mystic Number and Mathematical Wonder—Nine Is Called the Perfect Number.

How the figure 7 has been twined and intertwined in the fabrics of superstition, mysticism and religion has ever been a source of wonderment even to the delver into the facts. From the "Come, my seven—eleven!" of the dusky crap shooter to the "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter"—claims of the seeress and on to the New Testament analysis, showing the four gospels to have been written on an elaborate scale of 7's, the student even of these students finds himself nonplused.

"Oh, he's crazy!" is the final conclusion with which the layman who looks on dismisses the man and the subject. But that the figure 7 is a peculiar group of integers cannot be denied by any one who will look a few mathematical facts in the face.

One of the most remarkable demonstrations of the potentiality of the figure is found in that old mooted question of the "squaring of the circle." For all practical purposes in the work, shop the area of the circular plate is found by multiplying the diameter of the circle by the figures 3.1416. But there are those who question the accuracy of this fractional multiplier and who assert that the relation of the diameter to the circle is exactly the compound number 3 1-7 and that the area of the circle is found by multiplying the diameter by this group of figures.

This makes the decimal group of six places 142857, plus, and it is this decimal group of six places which responds in such striking repetition to any multiplier and particularly to the figure 7 in its multiples. The fact is demonstrated in a moment that to multiply this group by the figure 2 the product is 285714, a product which retains every number in the first group, only that all are transposed in their order. Multiply this same group by 3 and the product is 428571, a collection of the same numerals that are in the first decimal group, but reshuffled. The phenomenon is maintained by multiplications of 4, 5 and 6, invariably producing the same six figures, 142857, but in a mixed order.

At the application of 7 as the multiplier, however, the product undergoes a startling transformation. Seven times the decimal 142857 the product becomes 999999.

Yet passing the number 7, the figure 8 as a multiplier gives the product 1142856. Here is the first disarrangement of the original figures, due to the fact that the product is in seven figures, instead of a product of six figures. But by taking this seventh place figure 1 and putting it to the first place to the right of this multiplication and addition result in the original six decimals 142857. Further than this, making the multiplier a 9, the product becomes 1285713, and when the 1 found in figure 1 is added to the right hand figure 3 the product and sum are the figures 285714, which are identical in arrangement with the product obtained by multiplying the original 142857 by the figure 2. Multiplying by 10, the product is 1428570, and this, with the left hand unit transposed to the right hand cipher place, gives 428571, the product obtained from using the multiple 3. In fact, this order the other combined products and additions arrange themselves, the multiple 11 giving the 4 product, 12 giving the 5 product, 13 giving the 6 product, up to the multiple 14, which also is a multiple of the original 7.

Here again the product and sum produce a string of six 9's, as follows: Multiplying 142857 by 14, the product is 1999998, and the addition of the seventh place 1 to the first place 8 gives 1000000, which is the 7 product. Further, along with the multiples of 7 the product and sum of the 21 multiples become six 9's, with the same result of six 9's until the multiple 7 is used. Here for the first time in these multiplications by the 7 multiple the former product of seven decimal places becomes eight places—1,000,000. When adding the two left hand figures to the two final figures in the group, the symmetry of the original 7 product appear.

Taking the 7 multiple 98 as the largest number occupying two places, only the product of the seven 14's are the same six 9's. But there is an extraordinary reversion in multiplying the original decimal group by 99. Recalling this group as 142857, the multiplication and addition are shown:

```
  142857
      99
-------
 1285713
 1285713
-------
14142843
      14
-------
 142857
```

Out of this multiplication the original 142857 are restored.

And all the six place decimal of the common fraction 1-7.

But still pursuing decimals of this fraction, you can't lose the combination. Go on with the reduction of the fraction into six more places, and you will have 142857142857 plus.

And, if you should have any further curiosity, go six places more, and you will have the aggregate 142857142857-142857 plus—and then some more.

But wherever you may choose to stop in the six place decimal group and begin to multiply by other figures you may count upon never losing a single 1, 4, 2, 8, 5, 7 until your multiplier becomes one of the multiples of 7; then you will have 9's to burn.

Why? I don't know. Once in calling the attention of a student of the occult to these arithmetical phenomena he asked me if I knew why. I told him I didn't, and he leaned over solemnly and said:

"Because 9 is the perfect number!"

I expressed some more questioning in a look, and, taking up a pencil, he showed me that the sum of these decimal numbers was 27 and that the sum of the two 2's and seven units was 9 the perfect number!

"But how about that 7?" I asked, and he shook me cold.—Lee Vingtun in San Francisco Chronicle.

PIGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS.

A Sow That Could Retrieve Birds Four-in-hand of Pigs.

In many countries, even in Scotland the pig has served the purpose of a beast of draft and has actually been harnessed to the plow in company with cows and horses. In Scotland also, early in the last century, pigs were sometimes made to serve as chargers and proved most docile mounts.

The homing instinct is strongly developed in the pig. Instances not infrequently occur of pigs finding their way back to farms whence they have been conveyed. There is a record of two pigs leaping nine miles and crossing the Thames to boot to their old farm, whence they had been driven to Reading market and bought by a local gentleman on the previous day. At one point on their homeward journey where two roads met the twain were observed "putting their noses together as if in deep consultation."

About 1815 a London gentleman created a sensation by driving a four-in-hand of pigs through the streets, and thirty years later an old farmer caused amusement to a great crowd in the market place at St. Albans by entering it in a chaise drawn by four trotting hogs. After two or three turns round the market he drove to the Woolpack yard, where his curious steeds were unharnessed and led away to be regaled with a trough of beans and wash.

There have also been sporting pigs. An old account of a black sow, which Richard Tovine, one of the royal keepers in the New forest, broke in and gained, and to bark and stand says: "Within a fortnight she would find and point partridges or rabbits, and her training was much forwarded by the abundance of both. She, duly improved and in a few weeks would retrieve birds that had run as well as the best pointer, nay, her nose was superior to the best pointer."

According to Linnaeus, "the hog I more nice in the selection of his food than any of our other domesticated quadrupeds animals." This in one respect the pig may be said to be an epicure. Linnaeus states that the animal will eat only seventy-two plants, as against the goat's 449, the sheep's 387, the cow's 276 and the horse's 262.

The Thermometer Habit.

The clinical thermometer habit has taken such a hold on many persons that one physician has forbidden his patients to have them on pain of refusing to treat them if they disobey. The clinical thermometer fiend is a person who keeps one of these medical registers in the house and the instant that he, more often she, has a headache, real or imaginary, thrusts the tube under her tongue and takes her temperature. Finding it varying one millionth part of a degree from normal she thinks she is about to have some deadly illness, packs off to bed and sends for the doctor.

Good Temper.

Good temper is the most convenient, the most comfortable state of the soul, the greatest bar sinister cloth for those who possess it and for those who feel its influence. With gentleness in his own character, comfort in his home and good temper in his wife the earthly felicity of man is complete.—Anon.

An Ohio Lady Well Pleased

A prominent lady of Geneva, O. to. says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is all right. Under date of Jan. 5, 1900, she says: This is to certify that I have had rheumatism more or less all my life, and have taken only one and a half 50c bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been very much benefitted by it.

Mrs. Ora Paden.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it, giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of both Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, late of Norwich township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W. BROWNELL, Administrator, etc.
Postoffice address Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gallup & Bowen,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bowen,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

C. L. Bowen,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Sloane,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Sloane, notary public.

Thomson H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

H. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 37 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physician.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa

John Clark M. D.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. L. Bebbington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D. C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Kane, Pa. Silver Street (opposite Depot)
This hotel has recently been refitted and refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class [illegible]. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop
125 Main St., Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its appointments and prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
Bradford, Penna.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors

J. C. DESSER
Highest Prices Paid.
For
IRON, COPPER,
OLD RAGS,
OLD RUBBER
BRASS, METAL
JUNK of all kinds.
Have moved into the Stickles' Building, two doors east of my old stand. I have no partner but carry a full and complete line of
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
TINWARE, Etc.
Will be pleased to see all my old and many new customers.
J. ODESSER
EAST SMETHPORT PA.